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## ELECTION AFFAIRS.

IT is not unlikely that several new candidates may propose themselves within the next two months, but the future House of Commons will certainly not contain more than a small revolutionary element. At Manchester, and in some of the metropolitan boroughs, extreme democrats may possibly find seats; and Mr. MILL has displayed his characteristic love of perverse crotchets by subscribing to assist the return of Mr. BRADLAUGH for any constituency which may be anxious to secure his services. It would be an intolerable violation of propriety if Mr. MILL were to contribute to the expenses of his own election in Westminster, where indeed a wealthy colleague, once Mr. MILL's opponent, corrects, as at the last election, by a judicious liberality, the crudity of Mr. MILL's constitutional experiment. A philosopher cannot modify his convictions for purposes of practical convenience, but one abstract proposition may legitimately make way for another, and the doctrine that BRADLAUGH's opinions and language are admissible or laudable apparently seems to Mr. MILL more urgent than the principle of gratuitous election. In the midst of an overwhelming majority of moderate or timid politicians, Mr. BEALES, Mr. BRADLAUGH, and Mr. ERNEST JONES would be as powerless as ROBESPIERRE and his associates in the National Assembly of 1789. If subscriptions had been in fashion at the time in France, CONDORCET and BAILLY would probably have been willing to aid in the return of any of the incorruptible patriots who afterwards sent them to the guillotine. The cant of avoiding divisions of the Liberal party apparently reconciles politicians of the school of Lord PALMERSTON to allies who already announce their intention of confiscating the land. Mr. BRIGHT complains that Sergeant SIMON disputes the prior claim of a Mr. COSHAM to the suffrages of Dewsbury, and Sergeant SIMON replies that Mr. COSHAM had previously interfered with the rights which Mr. ERNEST JONES had acquired as first comer. It would be slightly interesting to know whether Sergeant SIMON and Mr. ERNEST JONES really hold the same political opinions. It is hard upon some of those who think that the Irish Church ought to be abolished, and that Mr. GLADSTONE would be a better Minister and a sounder financier than Mr. DISRAELI, to find themselves condescending with the advocates of theories which may be considerably in advance of Jacobinism. The Liberal party seems at present quite strong enough to bear many local divisions.

The Conservatives are embarrassed by the knowledge that their chief regards with indifference many of the institutions which it is their special mission to defend. If the many honest and intelligent candidates of their party were at liberty to express their deeper political convictions, they would avow that their acquiescence in household suffrage, whether it is to be considered prudent or rash, imposes upon them the special duty of guarding against further organic changes, while it has become more than ever their interest to abandon the championship of abuses. One of their number, Mr. EARLE WELBY, in his address to the electors of North Lincolnshire, candidly announces his intention of regarding the disestablishment of the Irish Church as an open question. It cannot be for the advantage of a great party to place itself deliberately and demonstrably in the wrong; nor could any thoughtful man, attached to the existing social order, substitute for the expression of his just anxieties conventional and dangerous twaddle about the supposed identity of corporate and private ownership. Mr. WELBY apparently perceives the risk of lashing a seaworthy craft to a sinking ship. Five years will not elapse before the platitudes of recent election addresses will be cited as arguments against the sacredness of property. The Conservatives might divide the Liberal party

to some purpose if they would recognise the distinction between institutions which are worth preserving, and mere occasions of resistance; but, to redeem their inconsistency in following Mr. DISRAELI into household suffrage, they insisted on his making an impracticable stand in defence of the Irish Church. Many of their recent addresses and speeches consist of common forms; and in some instances an eccentric deviation from the standard type is scarcely deserving of imitation. Mr. JOHN HARDY's peculiarities are familiar to the House of Commons, and perhaps to his present constituents at Dartmouth; but the electors of South Warwickshire must have been rather surprised than gratified by his irrelevant attacks on Mr. BRIGHT, on the pretext that he represents the neighbouring borough of Birmingham. Reserve and personal dignity are still, on the whole, popular qualities in England; and real or affected recklessness is especially unbecoming when it is exhibited by a professed defender of order.

Except in counties which contain a large town population, there is no reason to expect any considerable change in the representation. The small farmers who will be admitted for the first time to vote, having no strong political opinions, will be generally disposed to follow their landlords; and the Nonconformists, who take a strong interest in the proposed abolition of the Irish Establishment, have their principal strongholds in the towns. It appears, however, that in Cambridgeshire the Dissenters are strong enough to threaten a formidable opposition to the sitting members, and more especially to Lord ROYSTON, who is not perhaps the most weighty and discreet representative of his party. It is pleasant to find that rural constituencies have not entirely forgotten, in their political excitement, their own special interests and tastes. The local Liberals seem to have thought it worth while to accuse Lord ROYSTON's family of indifference, not to the peace of Ireland, but to the preservation of foxes; but the calumny has been triumphantly exposed in a letter from the Master of the Hounds, who declares not only that Lord HARDWICKE subscribes handsomely to the hunt, but that, to the best of the writer's belief, there are at present two litters of cubs in one cover at Wimpole. In West Kent, which is henceforth to be divided into two electoral districts, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK has obtained an easy dialectic victory over one of the Conservative members. Lord HOLMESDALE, with the rest of his party, spoke against moderate Reform in 1865, and voted for an extreme measure, at the dictation of his leader, in 1867. His attempt to explain away his inconsistency is curiously feeble; but his real apology is that he could scarcely have spoken otherwise at the hustings, or voted differently in the House. Who is Lord HOLMESDALE that he should pretend to be wiser or more independent than Mr. HARDY, than Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, or the other chief opponents of Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill of 1866? His constituents sent him to Parliament, not to give effect to his detailed professions of political faith, but to vote as Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI might direct; and if there has been some verbal contradiction, the pledge of party allegiance has been faithfully redeemed. The same electors will probably adhere to their former choice, and the disturbing element of the metropolitan suburbs has been eliminated from the district of Mid-Kent. The Liberal party will be the gainers by the new subdivision of Kent, as they will almost certainly return two members for the populous Western district. A Conservative has scarcely a better chance in a county half covered with houses than in a borough such as Greenwich or Chelsea. If West Kent had not been divided, the new electors would have swamped the entire body of landowners and farmers.

The Irish elections will, as usual, present a melancholy spectacle, only redeemed by some ludicrous peculiarities. While Mr. BUTT and Dean O'BRIEN are preaching the unnecessary

gospel of disaffection in the South, the Orangemen of Belfast are eager to convert the representation of their town into a testimonial to Mr. JOHNSTONE, by which they may signify their approval of his recent breach of the law. In the extreme need of the Government, when the Irish Church is exposed to imminent danger, the zealous friends of Protestantism are exclusively bent on repealing the Party Processions Act, or rather in maintaining the doctrine that a law which they happen to dislike may be regarded as invalid. A somewhat similar controversy has arisen in Queen's County between the supporters of Mr. MASON JONES, the itinerant orator, and the Roman Catholic clergy. Mr. JONES is of course ready to pledge himself to all the violent measures which are proposed by Irish malcontents; but in the pursuit of his vocation in England, when he perhaps had not contemplated an Irish candidatureship, he had habitually professed himself an admirer of GARIBALDI. Sedition in Ireland is not vehemently condemned by the political clergy; but Italian sedition directed against the POPE is an unpardonable crime. It will be necessary for Mr. MASON JONES either to retract his heretical sympathy with GARIBALDI, or to retire from the contest. The Dungarvan election involves a more amusing, if not a more intelligible, conflict. Serjeant BARRY, the sitting member, has given offence to the Fenians and their friends by holding briefs for the Crown in some of the late prosecutions; and Mr. HENRY MATTHEWS, an accomplished and rising member of the English Bar, has suddenly appeared to rescue the borough from the disgrace of being represented by a lawyer who discharged a plain professional duty. According to the newspaper reporters Mr. MATTHEWS has been welcomed with the strangest enthusiasm, and he appears fully to have appreciated the calm wisdom of his admirers. In his speeches Mr. MATTHEWS shrinks from no political or religious extravagance; but there is no reason to doubt his perfect coolness and self-possession, inasmuch as he has not so far forgotten himself as to inform his future constituents to which party he belongs. If Mr. MATTHEWS is a supporter of the Government, he will, in the event of his success, be an adherent after Mr. DISRAELI's own heart. An able and cultivated Englishman, who has no scruple in talking whatever nonsense may please an Irish mob, is not likely to be an obstinate political purist. As it was never anticipated that the Irish Reform Act would do any good, it will be a matter of satisfaction if it produces comparatively little harm. The scandal of open nomination by a body of priests exists in no other country in the world; and the landlords who divide political power with the clergy seldom exhibit sound judgment or moderation.

#### FRANCE AND WAR.

IT would be a new and singular instance of the dependence of great events upon trifling causes if the question of peace or war in Europe should be determined by the election in the Department of the Var. And yet there is nothing violently improbable in the supposed connexion. The return of M. DUFAURE, following closely upon the Opposition victory in the Jura, would be an indication hardly to be mistaken of the progress of anti-Napoleonic ideas in France. Local circumstances may have been adverse to the Government on the former occasion, as they are undoubtedly favourable to it on the present; but if defeat comes just the same whether a particular set of conditions makes for or against you, the inference is irresistible, that the cause of failure lies in something which is equally present in both cases. What that something is may be gathered from a passage in M. DUFAURE's address to the electors. Other Opposition candidates have been in a position to say, "I have never been able to understand the merits of 'absolute power.'" Only the Opposition candidate of 1868 is able to add, with patent and undeniable truth, "I was 'never dazzled by its false grandeur nor astonished by the 'prodigious checks which have so rapidly broken down 'its prestige.'" The French Opposition seems at length to have learned that the only way to fight a powerful enemy is to put aside internal dissensions, and the members of the Liberal Union have so much in common that it is worth their while to make the sacrifice. Legitimists, Orleanists, and Republicans may agree so far as this—that, as their several ends can only be accomplished through the agency of the popular will, it is the interest of all of them to emancipate the one instrument which alone can possibly serve their purpose. If this combination proves strong enough to gain two elections within so short a space of time, the Imperial system has evidently to deal with a more formidable opponent than it has yet encountered; and when this fact comes

home to the EMPEROR's mind, his next step will naturally be to look out for a weapon with which to defend himself. The term "Liberal Union" itself suggests the direction which the search should take. If he can make it impossible for his enemies to act together, he has, for the time at least, as good as disarmed them. To reduce the Opposition to discordant fractions is to reduce it to virtual impotence.

There are several reasons why a war might have this particular effect. We put aside the temporary strength which a Government always derives from excited national feeling, because, though popular enthusiasm may prevent an Opposition from acting against the Government to-day, it leaves it equally prepared to act against the Government to-morrow. In the first place, then, a war with Prussia would at once breed disunion between the Orleanists and the Democrats. The great aim of the Orleanist foreign policy is to keep France powerful by keeping her neighbours weak. M. THIERS's ideas of diplomacy are borrowed from those painters who get the effect of a bright light by making the surrounding colours as subdued as possible. Consequently this section of the Opposition can hardly fail to support a war to which their principal objection is that it ought to have been waged two years ago. The Democrats, on the other hand, if they have no special love for Prussia, have no wish to see the growth of democratic ideas in France and Germany checked by a conflict between the two countries. In the next place, a war would certainly bring up another question on which the Democrats and the Orleanists are hopelessly at issue. The Government with which rests the decision whether the French occupation of Rome shall cease or continue has the means of enlisting the support of one or the other party; and, what is even more valuable, of indefinitely suspending any common action of the two. It is easy to imagine the kind of statesmanship to which the EMPEROR would resort under these circumstances. Italy and the Democrats would be in favour one day, Rome and the Orleanists the next; and when at last the Imperial decision had been made, the unpopularity would be shared by the section of the Opposition whose views happened to coincide with the final choice. If the North and the great towns were subordinated to the South and the peasantry, the Orleanists would get a part of the blame; if the South and the peasantry were put aside for the North and the great towns, the Democrats would be credited with having overruled the EMPEROR's better judgment. Either way, therefore, the Imperial object would be secured, and any effective co-operation of the two sections rendered impossible for the time being.

Fortunately for the interests of mankind outside the Bonaparte family, this is only one aspect of a many-sided question. If there are obvious reasons in favour of war, there are others in favour of peace which are perhaps equally likely to impress the Imperial intellect. The public morality of Europe has so far improved that even a great military potentate shrinks in some measure from an absolutely groundless conflict. So long as Prussia gives no sign of crossing the Main, it is extremely difficult to find a good plea for quarrelling with an arrangement to which France has quietly submitted for two whole years. To avow what may be called the War-Office reason for such a change of policy—that in 1868 the EMPEROR thinks he can beat Prussia, whereas in 1866 he thought that Prussia might beat him—would be a little too barefaced even for NAPOLEON III. And, besides this, the change in the relative strength of the two countries makes it in some respects less easy to arouse French susceptibilities. There is something quieting in the consciousness of strength. It is not the man who knows he can hit out straight that gets most excited in a street row. When Sadowa had turned every Prussian head, and the French saw their military supremacy slipping from their hands without having any clear knowledge whether they had the power to retain it, a word might have persuaded them to set their doubts at rest by experiment. But Marshal NIEL's labours have done an unintended service to the cause of peace, by restoring that sublime self-confidence without which a Frenchman is nothing more than an ordinary mortal. If the EMPEROR can only wait long enough, this difficulty will disappear. Prussia is certain, in the nature of things, to give France some fresh provocation, though it is difficult to predict at what distance of time she may find this necessity laid upon her. Her relations with the rest of Germany are of so undefined a character as to compel her at intervals to assert her mission as the prophet of German Unity. If she omits to do this, the fact that her real object is to absorb Germany into Prussia, not to merge Prussia in Germany, will no longer admit of concealment; and whenever this is re-

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cognised, the desire for unity will become an obstacle to her progress, instead of an instrument for her purpose. Naturally, then, the Emperor of the FRENCH is not eager to do a thing with difficulty now which he will be able to do quite easily by and by. Perhaps, if Prussia would only supply the required provocation at once, he might prefer it, but this is quite compatible with the profoundest unwillingness to take any decisive step without such provocation.

Nor is this the only motive which, it may be conjectured, gives a pacific turn to the EMPEROR's thoughts. A prudent man likes to see his way out of a quarrel as well as into it. Dear as military prestige is to the French people, they like a war to bring material gains also; and if the EMPEROR does nothing more than prove, at the cost of two millions a week, that the Chassepot rifle is better than the needle-gun, he may not find that war brings him any substantial increase of popularity. But the difficulty of effecting a change of frontier is greatly increased, in the case of France, by the want of allies. The Imperial statecraft has been of that over-clever sort which has left the nation without a friend in Europe. It is not merely that the French Government, in spite of its unselfish professions, consults nothing but its own interests—that perhaps is a fault which is shared by most European Powers; it is that the interests of the Government are not identical with those of the country, and that, consequently, they do not admit of being calculated upon by outsiders. We can estimate, with some approach to accuracy, the course which Austria, or Italy, or Prussia, or even Russia, is likely to follow under given circumstances. So far are we from being in a similar position with regard to France that, with the history of the last fifteen years open before us, it is impossible to give any intelligible explanation of much that the EMPEROR has done. Probably, if all were known, some sufficient personal reason would be found for most of the inconsistencies that puzzle us; probably, too, some are only to be accounted for on the principle that the man who most exercises other people's wits is oftenest at the end of his own. But, whatever be the theory of interpretation adopted, the fact remains; and the consequence is that there is hardly a Power on the Continent which would not rather negotiate directly with its worst enemy than have the Emperor of the FRENCH as a common friend. To be the object of universal distrust is about the least convenient position a Government can occupy when it is entering upon the difficult negotiations which succeed to a great war.

#### THE MURPHY RIOTS.

FOR two days Manchester has been the theatre of riots which good fortune, rather than the action of the police or the temper of the combatants, has prevented from assuming the character of prolonged anarchy. Baffled by the local magistracy in his endeavours to wound the susceptibilities of the Roman Catholic population by invective launched in the shape of a lecture, MURPHY outflanked them in the character of a Parliamentary candidate. We do not here stop to ask whether the magistrates did or did not exercise a salutary vigour a degree beyond the letter of the law when they bound MURPHY in penalties not to lecture on the errors of Popery. Yet it might perhaps be plausibly argued that the same reasons which weighed with them when they refused to restrain Mr. ICOSOCLAST BRADLAUGH from attacking and insulting all religions might also have influenced them when they were asked to restrain MURPHY from insulting one form of Christian faith. It is true that they had before them evidence of the results which ensued on MURPHY's former denunciations of Popery and the Confessional. But it would not have been flagrantly unreasonable to assume that, in a city where the zeal of Protestants and Papists is measured by the rancour with which they hate each other, the passions of both Papists and Protestants might be as easily aroused against the impartial infidel who denounced both religions equally, as against the bigoted partisan who could recognise only unmixed evil in one of them. Be that, however, as it may, MURPHY was not to be so easily baulked of a congenial and anticipated enjoyment. He sniffed the battle from afar, and cried Aha! as his mind's eye discerned the coming fray. If he could not sow the perilous seeds of religious discord from the platform of the lecture-hall, he could scatter them from the hustings under shelter of the supposed immunities attending a Parliamentary candidatureship. And this he did. He sought the suffrages of the Manchester electors by a profession of principles which combined the system of TITUS OATES with the system of JACK CADE. He proposed to legislate for a statutable augmentation of wages and a Parliamentary inspection of

nunneries. Parliament is to provide every working-man with five shillings a-day, and to harry the Popish priesthood. It is not impossible that, among the thirty or forty thousand persons who are said to enjoy the franchise at Manchester, a moderate proportion may be caught by a profession which appeals so strongly to their ignorance, their fanaticism, and their self-interest. Probably MURPHY himself cares very little for his own Communistic faith. He may regard it only as a gilded coating for his Protestant truculence, and may discard it when it has answered its purpose. It gives him an additional claim to support, or, at any rate, to be listened to. And the purport and fruits of his orations may be gathered from the incidents of last Saturday and Sunday. On the afternoon of the former day a meeting was held, at which Mr. MURPHY was not present in the flesh; but his spirit was evidently there. With the commencement of the formal proceedings a fight began, in which were exhibited the first signs of that cowardly ferocity which pervaded the whole of the conflict. Men who fled from superior numbers were knocked down and kicked and trampled on by their enemies. The Irishmen came on the ground arrayed and organized for fighting. Though fewer in numbers, they compensated for this inequality by superior discipline, arms, and concert. They quickly cleared the "lurry" of the Protestant orators who had taken possession of it. Those who were tardy in flight received an impulse in their descent from stones, benches, and other missiles. The rapidity of the attack at first disconcerted its objects. But the other party rallied, and assailed the Irish in turn. Then it was discovered that the Irish had come to the fight armed with daggers and other deadly weapons, which gave them an advantage over their more numerous foes. Finally, after much savage brutality had been exhibited on both sides, the strife was kept down for a time by the intervention of the police. Later in the evening MURPHY appeared to support his own candidatureship. He recommended himself to the constituents by the programme of which we have already spoken. Then came his proposal to inspect nunneries and suppress Maynooth, and lastly, his cheers for the memory of "WILLIAM Prince of ORANGE." The next day the partisans of both sides recommenced their conflict. MURPHY himself was not there to incite them to the combat, but there were not wanting street preachers gifted with eloquence of sufficient acrimony to evoke the Irish from their lodgings in murky lanes. They came forth as at the call of the bugle. They were organized as before, disciplined under capable leaders, and armed with bludgeons, which, the local papers tell us, "they used pretty freely." Ultimately, some thirty or forty people were arrested by the police, and sent to prison. But, so far as we can see, no steps whatever have been taken to prevent the repetition of scenes so scandalously outrageous. It is quite on the cards that during the present and the next week, up to the time of the Parliamentary election and after the election, the great capital of the cotton industry of England may be at the mercy of two violent and organized mobs, armed with bludgeons, daggers, and bayonets, whose leaders the elation of triumph or the humiliation of defeat will fire with a lust for indiscriminate pillage or barbarous revenge.

It is easy to say that the opportunities of working so much mischief should be taken from those who are disposed to work it. The advice is as excellent as it is difficult to follow. The universal sentiment of the country is in favour of free speech. Any arbitrary and coercive interference with this liberty, however extravagantly or wickedly it may be abused, would be generally regarded with extreme disfavour. And they know little of the popular sentiment who are not aware that the repression of "Protestant opinion" would be by far the most unpopular of all kinds of interference. Talk of superstition! There is no superstition so profound as the horror of Popery entertained in all parts of England and among many classes of society. We may denounce or deplore it as much as we like; still, there it is. As long as it exists it will find utterance, and any attempt to repress this utterance will be resented as an intolerable tyranny. And it exists most strongly and most irrepressibly in those places where it is brought into most frequent contact with the abominable thing which it loathes. The Protestantism of Ireland is generally more violent and more aggressive than the Protestantism of England, because the two antagonist religions are more frequently and more directly brought face to face in Ireland than they are in England. And it is more violent and aggressive in towns like Manchester than in smaller English towns for precisely the same reason. A fanatic like MURPHY does not create this feeling; he only feeds it and uses it. It is there ready for use, and only waiting the man and the

opportunity. And to enjoin that no man should appeal to a feeling of this kind in the lecture-room or on the platform would be to carry magisterial authority to a point where many men might not unreasonably begin to doubt the tenure on which they hold their boasted civil privileges.

Then, as to the repression of the disturbances which these quasi-religious or semi-theological harangues produce, there is nearly as much difficulty as in their prevention. When some six thousand savages, calling themselves Protestants and Papists, are inspired by their religion to assault one another with bludgeons, paving-stones, and bayonets, and when in the heat of their religious ardour they maim and mangle their prostrate foes, the one or two hundred policemen who constitute the available constabulary of an English town are wholly powerless to control their murderous strategy. At best they can but effect petty and occasional clearances; while they are driving off one batch of combatants at one end of a street, another batch are stabbing and mauling each other at another end. Nor does this description exhibit the whole evil. These frays are usually called religious conflicts, and so they are to a great extent. But they are also something else. One of the Irish speakers at Manchester significantly reminded his followers that the question was not a religious but a national question. This is true and noteworthy. With a vast body of the Irish, especially with those who have spent any time in America, the religious idea is subordinate to the idea of nationality. They identify themselves with Romanism because they know that Romanism is especially disliked by so many Englishmen, and they take up the cudgels for Romanism because the religious difference alone supplies the occasion for a fight. But their real object is to have a fight with Englishmen, and the recent Manchester riots show how well disciplined and organized Irishmen are when they are about to take up a national quarrel. This view of the subject does not make it either more pleasant or more easy to deal with. It tends to show how useless it is to palter with the danger by such expedients as merely gagging a fanatic firebrand. The cause of the danger is permanent and normal, not accidental or temporary. Ireland gives us trouble on both sides of the Channel. The finest peasantry in the world, who were once the victims of our oppression, are now clamorous for domination. Irish ascendancy is becoming the question of the day, and the glories which the school of MICHELET has promised to the Celtic race are already looming before the excited imagination of the draymen and porters of Liverpool and Manchester. There are hordes of deluded Irishmen who dream that by a tumult in an English city they can avenge and exalt their race. And there are nearly as many hot-brained Englishmen who deem it a sacred duty to challenge them to a trial of strength. The riots which a MURPHY provokes are merely exercises preliminary to that display of discipline and gallantry which is at some undefined date to redress the balance between Saxon and Celt. It is obvious that this kind of diversion cannot be terminated by binding a dozen MURPHYS to hold their tongues. It is equally obvious that fining and imprisoning a score of rioters now and then will not be very effective for the purpose. A more thorough and decisive course would be to increase largely the civil force in the towns which witness these disturbances, and to concert joint action with the military for crushing with irresistible power the first deliberate conspiracy against the public peace. One signal triumph over the enemies of law would prevent the repetition of these outbreaks of international spite and religious fanaticism. But then these are not the days for vigorous action on the part of constituted authorities; and what guarantee have we that Celtic supremacy may not some day become an open question, gravely discussed in the British Association, and openly advocated in the British Parliament?

#### SPAIN.

ONE of the odd little telegraphic paragraphs which occasionally remind the world of the continued existence of Spain announces the wish of the Government to divert the general attention from politics to public works. Almost any work, public or private, would be more valuable than the results of a Spanish political movement; but roads, railways, and canals can only be made with money, which is not likely to be forthcoming on the demand of the Government. It may perhaps also have been in the hope of diverting attention that the whole British Empire has lately been placed by Spain in quarantine. The contagion apprehended was probably of a moral or figurative character, communicated rather by journals than by passengers or bales of goods. Although a settlement was some time since effected with the

bondholders, the financial honesty of Spain is, according to the infallible gauge of the Stock Exchange, but little above the level of American good faith, and additional loans for public works could only be contracted with capitalists at an interest of eight or nine per cent. It is barely possible that the experiment which has lately been repeated in France with signal success, might be advantageously tried in Spain; for the farmers and provincial tradesmen must have accumulated considerable savings during the progress of the country in wealth and population, and perhaps a high rate of interest and the hope of a premium might, as in France, tempt petty investors. On the other hand, the insecurity of the Government, and even of the dynasty, repels popular confidence. If it is true that the army is disorganized by the resignation of all the officers of the highest rank, it would seem that there is no solid institution remaining in Spain. As it is not known that the country is habitually traversed by brigands, or that the ordinary process of law is interrupted, it would seem that habits of order to some extent supply the place of efficient central administration. The army is, in comparison with the armies of other Continental States, small in numbers, and it is for the most part quartered in the large towns. The rural districts probably in practice manage their own affairs, and regard with complacent indifference the intrigues and occasional revolutions of the capital. Neither the generals who have been banished, nor the generals who are said to have resigned, can pretend to any claim on popular affection or gratitude. Every considerable military chief is a presumptive candidate for office, and therefore a natural enemy of the actual Minister; and the entire service, now temporarily decapitated, probably resents the audacity of a civilian in succeeding to so many Marshals and Captains-General. The Cortes, having never been ostensibly suppressed, still continues from time to time its formal meetings; but the Parliamentary system has not hitherto taken root in modern Spain, and the Crown may with impunity banish or imprison opponents who are not pliable enough to be intimidated or bribed.

If the actual Minister seriously desires to displace the vicious supremacy which has been acquired for the army, he must provide himself with some alternative instrument of government. The name of the QUEEN, even if it still retains any hold on the national feeling, can be as easily used by a candidate for power as by the occupant of office. The clergy, who already afford their support to the most orthodox of sovereigns, care little for Ministerial changes or for political improvement. The only effective counterpoise to a standing army is either a patriotic community, more or less adequately represented by a Legislative Assembly, or a powerful aristocracy, including in its ranks the great body of officers; but the wretched despotism of the old Spanish monarchy had already annihilated the power and political capacity of the privileged classes, before the Revolution introduced democratic theories of equality. The modern forms of constitutional government are not animated in Spain by any traditions of freedom, and consequently the arbitrary deportation of contumacious Senators or Deputies is regarded with the same indifference which formerly attended the arrest or banishment of a disgraced grandee. The only political enthusiasm which may still be from time to time aroused rapidly degenerates into Jacobinism; yet it might perhaps be possible for an able Minister to rule the country and control the army with the aid of a steady majority of the Cortes. O'DONNELL, with a not ignoble ambition, tried to escape from the vicious circle of palace intrigues and military revolts by directing the attention of his countrymen to foreign enterprises. In the hope of proving to the world, at home and abroad, that Spain might still be a great Power, he made war on Morocco; and, encouraged by the partial success of his first experiment, he attempted to revive the old colonial empire by the occupation of San Domingo, by the alliance with France and England in the Mexican adventure, and by the commencement of an unnecessary war with the Western Republics of South America. The result proved that the regeneration of Spain is not to be effected by anachronistic imitations of CORTES and PIZARRO. General PRIM disappointed the expectations of his chief by a timely withdrawal from the joint attack on Mexico; NARVAEZ prudently renounced the troublesome sovereignty of San Domingo; and the war with Chili, though it is not yet formally terminated, has been practically discontinued after a useless waste of life and treasure. If any organic improvement is to be introduced into the condition of Spain, the task of a reforming statesman must be wholly domestic, but hitherto the Minister has indicated no purpose of deviating from recent precedent.

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If the generals who have been sent to the Canaries and the Philippine Islands had really engaged in a plot, there is no reason to regret the prevention of a barren conspiracy. The summary measures adopted, although they may not be compatible with constitutional doctrines, seem to provoke no repugnance in Spain, and the daring of a civilian who sets the military chiefs at defiance almost commands a certain respect. The banishment of the QUEEN's sister and the Duke of MONTPENSIER would seem unaccountably rash if it were not conjecturally explained by the supposed desire of the Government to secure the protection of France. The prospect of a Spanish Regency administered by a Prince of the House of ORLEANS would be so disagreeable to the Emperor NAPOLEON that the designation of a possible Pretender may have been thought advisable for diplomatic reasons, although it evidently renders home disturbances more dangerous to the QUEEN. The same policy would explain the rumour that Spain had offered to garrison Rome, in the event of a war between France and Prussia. The orthodoxy of the Court, and the assumed devotion of the people to the Holy See, have repeatedly suggested Spanish intervention in Italy. As long ago as 1849, a Spanish division occupied the Southern portion of the Papal territory for some months after the French capture of Rome; and a Spanish squadron at the same time cruised on the coast, or lay at anchor in the Bay of Naples. Since the creation of Italian unity, any Spanish project for sharing in the protectorate of Rome has become chimerical and absurd; for the Government of Italy, although it is forced to defer to the dictation of France, would welcome the opportunity of solving the Roman question by the expulsion of any less formidable intruder. O'DONNELL, rising in this matter, as in other questions, above the level of his rivals, induced the QUEEN, in spite of her prejudices and of Papal protests, to recognise the Kingdom of Italy; and if any overtures have been lately made to France on the subject of Rome, the object of GONZALES BRAVO is probably rather to conciliate the goodwill of the Emperor NAPOLEON than to contract any definite obligation. The ostentatious reception lately accorded at Fontainebleau to a Neapolitan prince married to a Spanish princess is perhaps intended rather as a warning to the Government of Florence than as a compliment to Spain. It is said that the EMPEROR has declined a proffered visit from Queen ISABELLA, and he has never hitherto shown a disposition to entangle himself in Spanish politics. The results of M. GUIZOT's ingenious trickery of twenty years ago have not been encouraging to diplomatic meddlers.

There is probably little ground for the rumour of a revived Carlist agitation against the reigning dynasty. The male line of the BOURBONS was, as the result has shown, not worth expelling at the cost of a civil war; and it would be still less worth bringing back. The representatives of the Spanish BOURBONS have fallen even below the family standard of dignity, since the legitimate pretender for the time being abdicated his claims in an unfounded panic for his worthless life. The grandsons of Don CARLOS could scarcely govern Spain worse than the present possessor of the Crown, but they would be incapable bigots. Queen ISABELLA has never formally repudiated the Constitution which is identified with her title, and sanguine supporters of her throne may hope that her children will redeem the discredit of her reign. It is not known that any considerable party wishes for the establishment of a Republic, which would only substitute a military adventurer, as President, for the Court and Ministry. Experience has shown, in Spain as in all other countries, that it is better to introduce a new spirit into ancient forms than to attempt by a change of persons and of names to escape from the consequences of permanent causes of misrule. Even an effete dynasty may be useful in sheltering improved institutions by giving a legal sanction to the measures of statesmen. There are some reasons to suppose that the mischief produced by an anomalous system of government is comparatively superficial, for the chronic embarrassments of the Treasury co-exist with a general increase of material prosperity, and with a steady growth of population. The evils which Kings can cause or cure are sometimes limited to the circle of Courts, of politicians, and of generals, while the community thrives in indifference to national reputation. The present generation of Spaniards is the first in the course of two hundred years which has enjoyed the great advantage of perfect exemption from dependence on foreigners. The projects of LOUIS XIV. and of NAPOLEON are not likely to be resumed, nor will the Inquisition revive. In the succession of Ministers there is a reasonable chance that, sooner or later, a statesman may arise who will not be exclusively employed in securing his own tenure of power.

#### THE DARLING DISPUTE.

THAT some sort of key has been found for the deadlock of Victorian politics is of course a subject for rejoicing, but the mode in which the contest has been terminated affords little guarantee against the repetition of the same tactics on the next occasion when the two Houses differ. The British Constitution is no doubt a very pretty piece of machinery in its way, but the colonial imitations of it have not been as entirely successful as their sanguine constructors hoped. Even the great original depends for its working on the spirit of compromise which is the most distinctive feature of English statesmanship; and, but for this, we might have annual deadlocks at home as embarrassing as that which has suspended the legislative and executive functions for more than a year in the colony of Victoria. That these things do not happen here, and do happen in Australia, has been ascribed to the inherent difficulty of working any free Constitution in a colony without destroying its connexion with the Mother-country. Emigrants who have become wholly independent can, it is said, no longer constitute a colony; and while any fragment of dependence remains, the machinery of our own Constitution is theoretically inapplicable. A Governor cannot be at the same time the servant of the Colonial Office and the mere constitutional mouthpiece of a local Parliament. In a sense this reasoning is unanswerable. The principles of English government cannot indeed be logically applied without reservation to the administration of a colony, but many things which involve logical contradictions work well enough in practice; and it is to the training and temper of colonial politicians, rather than to the inherent difficulties of the problem to be solved, that deadlocks and the like untoward incidents are due. If it were necessarily fatal to a Constitution to involve the possibility of insoluble problems, we should have fared as badly at home as they have done at Melbourne. The chances of a deadlock may be aggravated, in a constitutional colony, by the incompatibility of the diverse functions assigned to the Governor; but it is of the essence of all constitutions, except absolute despotism and absolute democracy, to involve the possibility of coming to a hopeless standstill by the antagonism of their different elements. No Government could go on permanently in London, any more than in Melbourne, unless it were a settled principle among us not to strain the Constitution, and to keep all party aims and struggles in subjection to the avowed purpose of all parties, that by some hands, on some principles, and in some way, the QUEEN's Government shall be carried on. Whether it arises from what is likened to youthful impulse in a settlement of comparatively recent origin, or from the disposition peculiar to those who seek their fortunes in remote countries, the fact is certain that the politicians of almost all our colonies have but a feeble hold of the one practical principle which alone saves the Government of this country from deadlocks and revolutions. They are less disposed than the leaders of opinion among ourselves to abate what they may think strictly legal pretensions in obedience to the expediency which requires, before all things, that Government shall continue to exist; and it is much more to this difference of temper than to any peculiar difficulties involved in the position of a colony that the comparative failure of our colonial constitutions is due. And it must be confessed that the termination of the struggle has not been due to the growth of any conciliatory spirit in the leaders of the rival factions, nor indeed to the exercise of any ripe wisdom by our own Ministry, but simply to the lucky accident that Sir CHARLES DARLING thought it a better speculation to resume his place as an official than to hold on to the chance of the 20,000*l.* which his Victorian friends were so anxious to bestow upon him.

Up to the moment when the news of this resolution arrived in Melbourne, the Assembly and the Council were as little as ever disposed to allow the Government of the colony to go on, and the efforts which Sir H. MANNERS SUTTON, embarrassed as he was by inconsistent instructions from home, made to effect a compromise of some sort seemed only to inflame the dispute. Where the imbroglio would have ended if Sir CHARLES DARLING had held out, is one of those speculations which will interest curious philosophers more than practical politicians; but it is unfortunately only too easy to predict the fate of the Constitution of Victoria, if those who call themselves statesmen in the colony continue to exhibit the impracticable temper which has marked the controversy from beginning to end. The misplaced ingenuity which devised the scheme of submitting to mock judgments, as a means of defeating opposition, was not more fatal to government in any shape than the obstinacy with which all proposals for a

compromise were rejected by the popular party. When Mr. SLADEN took office in the face of a hostile majority, and made an open question of the one absorbing dispute on which the recent elections had turned, it was scarcely to be expected that the majority in the Assembly would submit to a Ministry whose programme was merely to ensure the defeat of the proposed DARLING grant without assuming the responsibility of opposing it. But this attitude was speedily abandoned; and not only did the GOVERNOR declare his desire to settle the question by conceding in substance all that the Opposition originally asked, but the Ministry actually consented to undergo the humiliation of proposing the very grant which they had hitherto strenuously resisted. Yet not even this would satisfy the angry Opposition; and when the DARLING grant and some of the pressing votes in supply were separately brought forward, they passed the one, and steadily refused the rest. Nothing, it was proclaimed, would satisfy them except the insertion of the grant in the general Appropriation Bill—a condition which the Council were certain to reject, as they had rejected it from the first. The extreme party in the Assembly were not satisfied with the prospect of getting their intended bounty to the ex-GOVERNOR sanctioned, unless they could combine this solid success with a triumph which should humiliate the other branch of the Legislature as effectually as the unlucky stopgap Ministry had already been humiliated. Every chance of a compromise appeared further off than ever; and a second dissolution, which promised to be as ineffectual as the first, was among the current rumours of the day, when the startling news that Sir CHARLES DARLING had given way changed the whole aspect of affairs. The SLADEN Ministry, relieved from their great difficulty, attempted to carry on the public business; but a vote of want of confidence, expressed in unusually stringent terms, compelled them to make way for Mr. McCulloch and the other leaders of the DARLING party. The installation of the new Ministry was followed by an immediate grant of supplies, and the deadlock was terminated without having elicited from the popular party the slightest indication of a capacity to conduct public affairs in a forbearing spirit.

It is curious to notice that each party claims as a triumph a result to which neither in the least degree contributed. The majority of the Assembly had relied, first on a piece of legal trickery, and afterwards on the brute strength of numbers, to overbear the resistance of the Legislative Council; and the friends of the Council insist, with as much cheerfulness as their case admits, that having steadily resisted a vote which has at last, no matter for what reasons, been abandoned, they remain as victors in possession of the field. The ultra-democratic party, which is supreme in the Assembly, point to the recovery of power as the best evidence that they have conquered in the strife, and the re-election of all the new Ministers proves at any rate that they still command the confidence of the electors. They plume themselves, moreover, on the restoration of Sir CHARLES DARLING to his official prospects, as the fruit of their own pressure on the Home Government; and they rejoice over what they consider as a substantial, though not a literal, success in their efforts to reduce to a nullity the unlucky Council, whose function it is to perform the duties of our House of Lords without the aid of their dignity and prestige, and to check the irregularities of an Assembly that is incapable of the forbearance and patience which alone have enabled the Lords and Commons of England to exist together as independent branches of the same Legislature. Much of this rather tall talk may be the mere ebullition of feelings excited by a protracted struggle; but if it should be found to express the permanent principles of either side, we may be sure that the days of the Constitution of Victoria are numbered. Two independent branches of a Legislature cannot by any possibility work, or even exist, together if one or both of them regards the utter discomfiture of the other as a legitimate object of political endeavour. It is because it has almost always been the policy of our statesmen to avert a direct antagonism between Lords and Commons that the maintenance of our system of government has been found practicable. With the same temper there is no reason why the somewhat greater difficulties inherent in the nature of a colonial constitution should not be successfully surmounted or escaped. But if war between the two Houses in Melbourne is regarded as the wholesome and natural way of working their legislative machinery, no long time is likely to elapse before a new *casus belli* will be found to bring about another deadlock which may not be so providentially disposed of as the once memorable dispute about the DARLING grant. The long interruption of Executive life

must have occasioned a vast amount of individual hardship, besides the public mischief which is implied by a year's stagnation in the progress of an advancing colony; and it is just possible that a sense of these inconveniences may tend to discredit the sort of tactics which have produced them. But, unless some reaction of this character should ensue, the drawn battle between the Houses is only postponed to a more convenient season; and as yet there is no sign on either side of the predominance of that common sense which is the only possible basis of practical statesmanship. The lesson of the late struggle is plain enough to read, but it is not so clear that the eyes of the Victorians are sufficiently open to discern it.

#### AMERICA.

THE political contests of the United States are too instructive to be passed over in silence, but it is not satisfactory to reflect that impartial comments on American affairs may be confounded with Mr. ROEBUCK's offensive remarks. The perfect good temper and good breeding of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON have as far as possible counteracted the bad effects which might have been expected from the conspicuous display, at the Sheffield dinner, of the opposite qualities; yet Mr. ROEBUCK, in his thoughtless vanity, has furnished a kind of excuse for the latest form of clamour which has been raised in the United States against England. The demand of protection for naturalized citizens will seem less utterly factious and wanton when a well-known English politician has publicly insulted the immigrants from all parts of Europe, as contributing a dangerous element to the American population. It is true that Mr. ROEBUCK was as oblivious of fact as of courtesy when he denounced the fiery Frenchman and the dumbfounded Spaniard, although neither nation contributes a perceptible fraction to the tide of Irish and German immigration. Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON perhaps observed that the censor of American institutions was careful to extend his unprovoked rudeness to France, to Spain, to Germany, and to the imaginary home of assassins in Italy. Unless the Sheffield challenge is accepted by the Republican or Democratic orators in the Presidential canvass, it may be hoped that the rights and wrongs of naturalized citizens have been sufficiently used by both parties in the debates of Congress and on the platforms of the rival Conventions. The principal speakers on either side have lately dealt with more serious questions in a tone which often contrasts favourably with the turgid rhetoric of ordinary discussions. An American audience likes inflated commonplace and patriotic bluster because it has not acquired by cultivation the artificial taste for simplicity; but the most hard-headed of communities, universally educated up to a certain point, appreciates logic and legal precedent almost as heartily as bombast. The flummery which Mr. BANKS or Mr. BUTLER thinks good enough for Congress is not unfrequently discarded when a practical object is to be attained by promoting the election of GRANT or of SEYMOUR. The reasons which are urged in support of the respective candidates may not be uniformly sound, but they are almost always propounded in an argumentative shape.

The leaders of both parties justly consider that the main issue in the contest relates to the reconstruction of the Southern States; and the Republicans, as well as the Democrats, have a plausible and consistent theory by which recent legislation is vindicated or condemned. As in all similar controversies, the disputants move in different planes of reasoning, so that their arguments are seldom brought into direct collision, and the systematic demonstrations of opposite propositions bear but indirectly on practical conclusions; but the laborious effort to persuade political parties that they are in the right is creditable to the popular conscience and understanding. The Democrats take their stand on the Constitution, which assuredly never contemplated the exclusion of States from a share in the Presidential election, the determination by Congress of the suffrage, the imposition of test oaths, or the military administration of civil affairs. According to the Democratic doctrine, the Southern States, having submitted to the fortune of war, are restored to their rights, and they must take part in Federal affairs as sovereign States, or not at all. The Democratic speakers urge with greater force that the transfer of power from the white citizens to the freedmen is unnatural and oppressive; and they appeal to the deliberate judgment of nearly all the Northern States, which have steadily refused within their own borders to extend the franchise to negroes. The theory of the Democrats is the same which was held by Mr. LINCOLN, and by the great bulk of the Republican party, before the

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extreme faction under Mr. STEVENS acquired the control of Congress. The rejection, by the Southern States, of the fourteenth Constitutional Amendment changed the current of opinion in the North; but the reluctance of the conquered population to concur in the disfranchisement of the best of their fellow-citizens was not undeserving of respect. The system of reconstruction which was just in 1865 cannot have become unreasonable by the lapse of three years; and the Sibylline practice of aggravating demands when moderate concessions are refused is better suited to belligerents negotiating a peace than to legislators providing for the permanent reconciliation of domestic differences. It scarcely becomes statesmen to admit that, after demanding too little through weakness or timidity, they have enhanced their terms in revenge for contumacious delay.

The Republicans construct their logical fabric on the fundamental assumption that the war superseded the constitutional rights of the Southern States. Either, it is argued at great length, the people of the South were enemies, who have now become subject to the will of the conqueror, or they were traitors, who can only hope for mercy at the discretion of the Government which they have wronged. The reconstruction measures are, accordingly, mere acts of grace, which might have been withheld or restricted; and the pardoned offenders ought to substitute eager professions of gratitude for indignant remonstrances, as devotees strive to deprecate the wrath of Heaven by enlarging on their own demerits, and on the gratuitous beneficence which they could, according to their own account, scarcely have anticipated. It is not easy to escape from the sophistical dilemma, except by substituting considerations of duty and expediency for deductions of legal right. The question is not whether six or seven millions of American citizens are liable to be hanged or to be outlawed, but how they can most speedily and safely be restored to their former condition. It is not desirable to make an Ireland of one-half of the territory of the Union, containing a third of the whole population. But for the existence of the negroes the Democratic policy would be indisputably preferable to the actual system of reconstruction; but circumstances have imposed on the North the duty of protecting, if possible, from oppression the freed-men who have, almost by accident, become the clients of the authors of emancipation. The conventional American panacea of the suffrage has been applied in good faith; and if the possession of a vote is found to protect the negro without enabling him to oppress his superiors, the Republican experiment will require no justification in the way of arguments drawn from the law of conquest. If, on the other hand, the supremacy of American citizens within their own dominion proves to be incompatible with the wellbeing of the coloured population, true reconstruction will not be effected by any process of legislation. The Democrats, in substance, are the champions of the whites, and the Republicans of the negroes. Reason and prejudice on this side and on that are almost equally balanced; but an impartial American patriot would probably vote for GRANT against SEYMOUR, both because the Republican party includes the most respectable portion of the community, and on the ground that it is dangerous to disturb existing legislation. Whatever may be the legal condition of the Southern States, tranquillity and time will inevitably redress the grievances of the superior race; and, when the white citizens recover the control of their State Governments, they will have no difficulty in modifying the laws of which they at present complain.

The supplementary professions of the contending parties represent their estimates of popular opinion rather than their genuine convictions. The majority of Democrats advocate repudiation because the Western States dislike the payment of their debts; and a large section of Republicans has adopted the same principles for precisely the same reason. The wide extension, in the United States, of elementary education has greatly facilitated the spread of plausible fallacies, while the rarity of solid instruction renders it difficult to obtain a hearing for scientific principles. Mr. SHERMAN, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate, lately delivered an elaborate speech in vindication of national fraud, although probably neither the orator nor his sympathizing hearers were prepared to perpetrate conscious dishonesty. After propounding the doctrine that the debt was payable in paper money, Mr. SHERMAN dilated on the expediency of making paper as valuable as gold; yet he objected to the contraction of the currency which could alone effect the proposed result, and he failed to perceive that a debtor is not likely by his own action to make his legal obligations more heavy. If it

is right to pay the public creditor in greenbacks, it is as judicious and as justifiable to deprecate the greenbacks by inflation, as to cheapen gold when debts are to be discharged in specie. Mr. SHERMAN was the author of the scheme for substituting a new five per cent. stock for the six per cent. Five-Twenties; and although he abstained for the time from announcing his present conclusions, it was evident that he was only a repudiator "with a circumbendibus." There is reason to believe that the Supreme Court will, in its judgment in a suit now awaiting decision, declare that the Legal Tender Act, on which Democratic and Republican repudiators exclusively rely, is unconstitutional and void; but when a debtor who cannot be subjected to legal process has resolved to cheat his creditor, there will be no difficulty in devising fresh excuses for fraud. As both parties have now virtually adopted Mr. PENDLETON's policy, financial questions will probably exercise little influence on the election. While the Republicans have swallowed repudiation, the Democrats have withdrawn their former hostility to protective tariffs, and the great majority of both parties are united in condemning good faith and free-trade. The contest will, therefore, be confined to the main issue of reconstruction; and there is little apparent reason to doubt that the Republicans will carry the great majority of States.

#### BRAZIL AND PARAGUAY.

THE late accounts from Paraguay are puzzling; but when it is remembered that the Brazilians tell their own story, it seems doubtful whether the allies have gained any decisive advantage. The official reports admit that two attacks on Humaita were repulsed with great loss, but the final occupation of the abandoned fortress is naturally described as an important success. It may be conjectured that the evacuation of the fortress was directly or indirectly caused by the operations of the ironclad vessels which passed the batteries several months ago. The desperate attempts of the Paraguay forces to board the men-of-war prove the importance which was attached to their presence; and the statement that the garrison was starved out by want of provisions is only intelligible on the supposition that, by commanding the upper waters of the river, the invaders had intercepted the communications of the defending army. As usual in such cases, the captors of Humaita found a large number of guns of position, and possibly they may also have obtained a store of ammunition. The garrison, which is said to number 4,000 men, had retreated without loss into the district called the Gran Chaco, a large province traversed by one of the great affluents of the river Paraguay. President LOPEZ has probably been making preparations for the retreat from Humaita from the time when his position was turned by the Brazilian ships; and if he can keep the enemy at bay before some new fortress for another year, he may reasonably expect that the alliance will be dissolved, or that Brazil will become tired of the war. The obstinacy which so long deprived Paraguay of the advantages of foreign commerce may, for warlike purposes, render the country comparatively invulnerable; for of all the common arguments against free trade the least chimerical is founded on the mutual interdependence which is created by commercial intercourse. It would seem that the allies can at their pleasure close the navigation temporarily or permanently, especially if they think fit to establish themselves at Humaita. In the American war the control of the great rivers was one of the principal means by which the Federal Government effected the subjugation of the South; and even when the Confederate prospects were brightest, it seemed impossible that New Orleans should be recovered. The low organization of a half-civilized country presents no vital point for attack. A Brazilian garrison at Humaita might confine the people of Paraguay to their own wide territory; but they have long been accustomed to isolation, and for two or three years the entire State has been practically blockaded. It may be assumed that the new point of defence will be inaccessible to large vessels, and it is comparatively easy to render a river impassable to gunboats.

The losses of the assailants in the attack on Humaita may supply a reason, and the occupation of the fortress an excuse, for the discontinuance of active operations, if not for the conclusion of peace. The reported slackness of the Marquis CAXIAS, who has hitherto been described as a daring and victorious commander, may not improbably have been caused by a knowledge that he was not in a position to risk heavy losses. If he has arrived at the conclusion that he has acquired for himself and his army all

the glory which is likely to be won, he may perhaps think that the present time affords a favourable opportunity of returning, with or without the title of Duke of Humaita. The dissensions which inevitably occur during every campaign conducted by allied generals seem not to be wanting in the camp. Some Brazilian narrators throw the blame of the repulse on the Argentine troops, who in their turn will not fail to retaliate on the Brazilians. Although it is difficult to understand the politics of a South American Republic, the party of peace seems to be gaining ground at Buenos Ayres; and General URQUIZA, who has always been hostile to the war party, is raising troops in some of the provinces of the loosely-knit Confederacy. The supporters of the war at Montevideo are probably unpopular, as they are only maintained in power by foreign aid. Even in Brazil itself the new Minister is supposed to incline to peace, nor can he be at a loss for arguments to justify his opinions. The credit of the Empire is declining with the rapid increase of the national debt, and recruits are almost as difficult to procure as money. A little judicious boasting and flattery will propitiate the national pride as far as it is engaged in the struggle. Although the pretexes for the war have never been made thoroughly intelligible to Europeans, there can be little doubt that it has been on the whole popular in Brazil. A new State likes to make the beginning of a history in which it is necessarily deficient. Whatever may have been the magnitude of the various conflicts with the enemy, it is a kind of achievement to have maintained an army and a flotilla for two or three years at a great distance from the base of operations, and the alliance with the Republics of the Plata has proved that Brazil is the most considerable Power of South-Western America. It will be generally allowed that the systematic and regular war between the allied States and Paraguay indicates a higher civilization than the barbarous anarchy of Mexico. Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, and Rio Janeiro are commercial cities, although a large portion of Brazilian and Argentine territory is inhabited by almost savage tribes; and Paraguay, like Brazil, enjoys the great advantage of a settled and hereditary Government. Monarchy would probably be better adapted to all parts of Spanish America than the republican system which has been borrowed from the United States. The Presidents and Dictators who follow each other in rapid succession virtually exercise kingly power during their tenure of office; but the worst possible characteristic of a Government is that it should be the prize of military adventure.

The mediation of the United States was long since rejected by Brazil, and, if peace is desired, there is no apparent necessity for the intervention of any arbitrator. The allies can finish the war at pleasure by discontinuing the invasion; or, if they wish to extort concessions, President LOPEZ may probably find it for his interest to pay a considerable price for the restoration of peace. The Brazilian party in Uruguay will readily conform to the policy of the Empire, as they will be in no danger of a fresh expedition from Paraguay. The demand of free navigation for commercial vessels will probably be granted under sufficient pressure; but the President of PARAGUAY will never willingly allow ships of war to pass through his territories from one Brazilian province to another. It is certain that Brazil would, except under compulsion, never open the Amazon and its tributaries to foreign navies. If the Emperor of BRAZIL requires armed vessels for police purposes in the province of Matto Grosso, it can scarcely be more necessary that they should communicate with the sea than that ships on the Canadian lakes or on the Caspian should enjoy a similar facility. At some future time the basins of the Plata and the Amazon will probably be united by canals.

If it is true that the remote States of Bolivia and Chili are endeavouring to exercise a diplomatic influence in favour of Paraguay, their interference affords a curious illustration of the effect on the imagination of a common colonial history and a visible geographical unity. The claim of the United States to an exclusive protectorate over the weaker Powers of the Western Hemisphere is entirely derived from the map. The Spanish and Portuguese Governments which rule over mixed races in the Southern Continent have a somewhat closer connexion, because they speak dialects of one language, and because they all profess the same religious faith; but unless the Emperor of BRAZIL and his advisers voluntarily respond to the overtures of neutral States, neither Bolivia nor Chili can enforce their demands. It may happen, in North America as in many parts of the Old World, that war advances civilization by cultivating the habit of common

action and the sense of national unity. In the present struggle, the want of soldiers has to a certain extent accelerated the abolition of slavery in Brazil, for negroes have sometimes been worth more for war than for labour, and service in the army necessarily involves emancipation. In the Republics of the Plata, and in Paraguay, there are no slaves to liberate; and the advantages which Buenos Ayres derives from the war have hitherto been confined to the profits of supplying the Brazilian Commissariat, although it is possible that on the conclusion of peace some facilities of navigation may be acquired. It may be hoped that some of the English residents in Paraguay may, after their return to the known world, possess sufficient literary ability to remove a portion of the darkness which now rests on those remote regions. There are undoubtedly materials for a considerable commerce with a country which has many valuable productions and no considerable manufactures; but it would be more interesting, if not more profitable, to learn whether a peaceable and orderly Government has really been established in almost the only part of Spanish America which has not been disturbed by incessant revolutions. The imitative habits of new modern States have produced, in Paraguay as elsewhere, the institution of a Parliament, but there is no reason to suppose that it practically shares the power of the PRESIDENT.

#### THE CAB STRIKE.

**EVEN** the organ of the Trades' Unions, the *Beehive*, has not ventured to come forward with any justification of the Cab Strike. *Clericus clericum non decimat*, and dog does not eat dog; so it would be hopeless, when cabby only ruins cabby, to make a case out of it. Of all suicidal and perfectly illogical results of the Union and strike principle, the late Cab Strike was the most indefensible, being conceived and carried out, as though by design and of set purpose, to bring the thing to a stark, staring, and most obvious absurdity. As to the original dispute between the railway authorities and the cab trade, the argument clearly preponderates in favour of the Companies. The cab business is one of those branches of municipal and public order which cannot fall under the general conditions of Free-trade. There must be special regulations which govern the carrying trade, because the persons who conduct it have a certain monopoly, and a monopoly must have its restrictions. Public carriers are, as it were, trustees for the public; they are entrusted with valuable commodities on the public credit, and the public must take certain guarantees for its own safety, and for the security of goods committed to the care of monopolists on this public credit. Hence the laws which impose certain liabilities on public carriers, while at the same time limiting their responsibility. Now a cab proprietor is a public carrier, and his licence imposes certain restrictions on him. So it is with the Railway Companies. They are responsible for their passengers' goods and luggage so long as they are on the railway premises. Innkeepers are on much the same footing. It is because the cab-owners will not or cannot see this, that they proclaim what is their first great misrepresentation, the *πρωτον ψευδος* which they offer for their justification. They say, "If the non-privileged cabs are good enough to take passengers to a railway, they are good enough to take them back again." This is just what the case is not. The hirer of a cab or a porter is responsible, but responsible of course to himself only, for bringing himself and his luggage to the railway premises; but the Company is responsible for the passenger and his luggage till they are out of the railway premises. Inside the railway station is private property, and all that it contains is under the custody, and has a lien on the responsibility, of the Company; but outside the station is the public highway, subject only to the common law. If, therefore, in order to protect themselves and their customers, the Companies resolve only to employ cabs and cab-drivers which are in fact part of their staff, and which they accept as much as they do their porters, they have a perfect right to do so. And most certainly the public benefit by it. If a railway station were open to the whole miscellaneous horde of cabbies, all prowling and fighting for fares and luggage, security to person and property would be lost. There must be restrictions on the porters and vehicles admitted within the precincts of railway stations and dockyards and packet wharfs. In every capital in Europe such restrictions exist, and the first requisites of society demand it. Licensed ticket-porters are a very old instance of this restriction on a special calling. It would be just as reasonable for all the amateur porters and touts and gamins of London to make



it a grievance that the railways employ privileged porters, who are their own servants, as that they employ privileged cabs. Whatever grievance the non-privileged cabs may pretend as against the Railway Companies, it is one which they have in common with every honest or dishonest gentleman on the loose who may think himself aggrieved because he cannot earn an honest penny by lounging about an arrival platform for the chance of a job in carrying—or, in the Shakspearian sense, conveying—our portmanteaus and desks. So that it seems to come to this, that while the privileged cabs are privileged in the interest and for the protection of the public, the Railway Companies are fighting a public battle. It is for the cab-proprietors generally to make good their assertion that they have been striking in the interest of the public as well as of themselves.

They assert this glibly and roundly, not perhaps without that especial emphasis with which they are in the wont of rounding their assertions. But a grievance is not a grievance till it is felt. If we have suffered by reason of these privileged cabs, we have, as a patient public, exhibited long-suffering which is not only Christian, but perfectly assinine. The groans of the Britons are not usually suppressed; on the contrary, we take great glory and pride in whining and moaning in public. The grievance season is now at its full; the wrongs we endure from innkeepers, perambulators, and organ-boys fill daily columns of the journals. Every conceivable sin of railways is hunted up, and with much circumlocution sighed over. But we never knew, till the cab-drivers on strike told us, that we suffered because the Railway Companies encouraged a better style of cabs, and exercised some surveillance over their drivers and their somewhat pronounced style of language and manners. The real fact is this, that the cab trade is overdone; the system of middle-men and subletting bears its usual fruits. And railway extension throughout London by the metropolitan and suburban lines decreases the demand for locomotion by cabs. It is a saving both in time and money to get from Charing Cross to the City, or from Paddington to the City, by rail rather than by cab. When the cab-drivers, assembled in secession on the Sacred Mount dear to sedition rather than to primroses, spoke of cabs plying for hours without a fare, and professed to wonder how it was that, with the population of London increasing at the rate of 50,000 a year, and new streets springing up everywhere, the trade was decreasing, they acknowledged the reason of their grievance, but declined to follow it to its legitimate conclusion. If, as they admit in the language of their coryphæus BARNES, "the Chatham and Dover running everywhere, and the Metropolitan, and all that lot, took the bread out of their mouths," they ought to see that we have more cabs than work for them to do, and that the inevitable consequence must follow, that less money, men, and horses must be invested in the trade. Cabbery must, in its degree, follow stage-coaches and Thames wherries. Precisely what the London cab-drivers say now, the London watermen said in days gone by. Penny steamboats have improved scullers and jolly young watermen from off the face of the Thames, and the multiplication and intercommunion of London railways is gradually curtailing the necessity of cabby. Like other noble British institutions, he will survive only in an attenuated form, and, though perhaps we shall not much regret his humiliation, in humbled proportions. His ancient days of savagery and tyranny are beginning at least to be abridged, and he must, like the Roman Empire, submit to his decline and fall. He must be content, even as Churches, to be disestablished. He may have his grievances; all trades which in any way are connected with special taxation have grievances; and we do not say that the licensing system is perfect either as regards cabs, beer, post-horse duty, or malt. And, more than this, the trade is a risky one. It depends on the weather, on the price of corn and fodder, on all sorts of exceptional influences. But so do many other trades; and cab-proprietorship and cab-driving must submit to the laws of trade. If the cab-owners do not get a proper interest for their capital, they must do as other capitalists do; if the cab-drivers are reduced to herrings and a penny loaf, they must look out for some occupation which will bring them in oysters and chablis if they can get it.

In the meantime, as cabbery finds itself to be in evil case, it takes vengeance on the public, which certainly has done it no harm. The public cannot afford to be driving about in cabs all day, so the owners and drivers say we shall have no cabs at all. We shall next hear, because the butchers and bakers do not find this year's profits so great as those of last year, that they all agree to shut up their shops. They may say so, but they will never do it. They cannot do it;

the laws of nature are too strong for them. And so in the long run—only it happened to be a short run—it came to pass that in three days the law of supply and demand beat the cab strike. The cab strike melted away. The Railway Companies very properly refused to give way. Why should they have succumbed? They had nothing to lose by the strike. The railway travellers were not inconvenienced in any appreciable degree. And as to the general public, the thing would have soon settled itself. If the associated owners had much longer declined to send out their horses and cabs, other horses and cabs would have been called out by such necessities as still existed. The occasion was much against the secessionists. It is the slack time of the year. Half London is empty, and the main drain on its population is precisely of those classes who are the best customers of the cabs. Cabbery could never have fought under worse, nor could the public ever have resisted under better, conditions. We have had a cab strike before this; and the strikers got the worst of it then; and they have got the worst of it again. Even as things are, we have learned a lesson or two. Although there was inconvenience, it was an inconvenience which was very far from being intolerable. Cabby has certainly dealt us a rather spiteful and cowardly blow, but we can assure him that it did not hurt us much. We really think that we got through it without much loss of temper. Anyhow, our calm streets and passable thoroughfares cleared from the loitering and loafing ruck of "growlers" and "creepers," and cabs unattached and on the loose, proved to us that half the dangers, and more than half the inconvenience, of London streets can be prevented by reducing the number of cabs. This must be, by the inevitable and fatal law of economy, the upshot of the whole matter. The opportunities of driving us down and cursing us down will be abridged; and we are grateful for those few days of the strike, adorned as they were with the usual ornamental accompaniments of a strike—starvation, picketing, and the introduction of some of the more heroic champions of the strike to the police office and the prison van. Now that cabby has returned to his work—starved perhaps and naked, but certainly not ashamed—now it will be our turn. The orators of Primrose Hill and Trafalgar Square have had their innings, and have made a bad score. It is our turn to take up the bat; and it will be our own fault if we do not remember this little playful exuberance of temper on the part of our friends. There is such a thing as a Table of Legal Fares, and it requires very little resolution or study to read it up. Now that things have returned to their old state it will be cabby's merited punishment, as certainly it will be his lot, to find that the extra sixpences and shillings beyond the legal fare are for the future seriously abridged. And, more than this, we can, for an authority, quote his own example. The non-privileged cab owners and drivers amused themselves in their forced hours of ease in hiring their privileged brethren at the lowest statutory fare, and took it out of them to the last hair's-breadth and second. It was a joke which it was pleasant to see cabby appreciate; now it will turn to be serious. This is just what we intend to do; and we are much obliged to the strikers for pointing to this leaf in their book.

#### BAD SPEECHES.

FOR the next ten weeks or more the whole country will be ablaze with the flames of oratory. Large towns and small, great manufacturing centres and country villages, will be roused and shaken by the mild or fervid eloquence of eager candidates. The clergy, sore and contrite under the abuse which the recent controversy as to pulpit shortcomings has heaped upon them, will no doubt flock to political meetings to study the oratorical style which gives laymen the right to lecture and revile them for their bad elocution, their wordy rhetoric, and the vapidity and damnable iteration of their matter. The whole country, borough and county, will go wild with oratorical excitement, and the fierce democracy which the Conservative party has called to power will be wielded at will by a thousand masters of the tongue. Many thousands of speeches, long and short, will be made every week, and if we attempt to sum up the total made during the whole election we may be landed among the unfathomable mysteries of hundreds of thousands, millions, and the rest. Let any man, who knows what English public speaking is and means, reflect what this signifies—what grievous woe and suffering, what purposeless self-exercising and unending endurance, what spectacles of fatuous exertion in the speakers, and of fatuous tolerance in their listeners. For two things, alas, are past denial—first, that the Briton loves beyond all other men to make a speech; and secondly, that beyond all other articulate-speaking beings he is clumsy and incompetent in the

art. Whoever has had to arrange a public meeting knows that the prime difficulty of all is how to make room enough in the proceedings for all the aspirants to oratorical fame and glory. Twenty men at least, whom it is particularly desirable to conciliate and keep in good humour, are all panting for an occasion to get upon their legs and win Demosthenic repute, even by seconding some formal and insignificant little resolution rather than not speak at all. And it is nearly as certain as that they are ambitious that they are absolutely incapable of putting two consecutive sentences together, if even they can all manage to frame a single sentence with a beginning and an end and a pretty firm middle. The curious thing is that they are fully aware of this beforehand. They have no better grounds for knowing that two and two make four than they have for knowing that to stand up before a crowd of people is to find the tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth, the knees shaking, the cheeks violently flushed or bloodless, the right arm that should have been so nobly gesticulatory hanging limp and uncontrollable. But they somehow expect that a miracle will be wrought. They never expect that a miracle will make two and two into five if they are creditors, nor into three if they are debtors, but somehow they do expect all the unfortunate uniformities of their experience to be suspended in their successive attempts at public speaking. In spite of a mournful past, they hope that at length some god from a machine will loosen their tongues and unseal their lips, and open those fountains of hidden speech which are confidently supposed to lie in their inner depths. Time after time they wait and wait in vain for some Moses who shall strike the rock, and bring forth refreshing oratorical floods. The rock remains what it was—arid, immovable, giving forth no oratorical floods. The proverb about patience and perseverance is the *ignis fatuus* of these misguided souls, for neither patience nor perseverance can give them the fiery wings of the speaker. The story of the difficulties which Demosthenes had to overcome is their curse, because they are persuaded that they too, if they could declaim with pebbles in the mouth to the sea-waves, would become great; and thus they squander hope, and waste time, and weary their brethren who are not as the sea-waves, inasmuch as they have ears and nerves. It is quite true that anybody can make himself a decent speaker by labour and attention and constant practice; and little historical story-books and *ana* and biographical anecdotes supply plenty of examples of men who by these means have overcome all manner of original difficulties. But then these wretched folk who are making life a burden to their fellow-citizens by endless speeches do not comply with the conditions. They labour, but it is in the face of their audience instead of previously. Practice they cannot get, because, may the gods be thanked, elections are not always going on, and a discreet public takes excellent care that experimentation on its vile body shall be suspended at most other times. Bad oratory in a general way is not permitted except on Sundays. So that the vaulting ambition which is just now devoted to taking the chair, moving that this meeting having heard the views of Mr. Facing-both-ways Dives is of opinion that he is an empty-headed humbug, but, being the party nominee, must be supported, or seconding such a motion, or speaking to it, or proposing or seconding or speaking to an amendment—all this ambition and energy, it is wonderful to think, will by December be fastened up and safely stowed away on its shelf for a very long time to come. Only why should it not be moderated, and its impetuosity stayed beforehand? Why should not speakers who cannot speak restrain their rhetorical fires, and quench that wild passion of theirs for seconding resolutions and votes of thanks? There are, it is true, persons who maintain that the people who crowd to public meetings like this endless speaking, and would be much disappointed if they were defrauded of one jot or tittle of the conventional forms proper to such occasions. The more speakers the better, according to this theory, provided that they all comprehend the advantages and recommendations of brevity. But then where is the speaker on these occasions who does comprehend the recommendation of brevity? You give the thirsting man a chance of a long pull at the cup, and yet expect him to be content with a little sip. Your local orator has read about perseverance and Demosthenes and Charles Fox and Mr. Disraeli, and so declines to spoil his little experiments just because a few hundred blockheads are yawning, and have the bad taste to be tired.

Then there are the more important personages, the candidates themselves, of whom it is no calumny to say that they often speak a great deal worse than the humblest and least oratorical of their backers. An uneducated man sometimes redeems himself by quaint or racy apophthegms which smack of the soil, but his chief, who has been to college, is of course very much above giving this kind of salt to his savourless discourse. There is something incredible and deplorable, what the French would style impossible, in the figures which men are not ashamed to cut on platforms, in market-places, and other exalted spots, before their fellow-men; and we are all so accustomed to these ineffable displays as to think it rather a matter for amazement and congratulation if anybody behaves himself as sensibly on a platform as he is wont to do at a dinner-table or in a drawing-room. In spite of our being a nation which accompanies most of its important public activity with a surfeit of speeches, those who can make a speech of even the most moderate quality are as precious pearls to election managers. Probably nineteen out of every twenty candidates who will get up again and again between now and December to address electors will show an entire want of every element that goes to good

oratory of even the very plainest kind. They are at the mercy of their memory, to begin with. If one sentence of that bald essay which they have so carefully prepared beforehand escapes from its place, a thousand demoniac images start up before their eyes, they know not whether they are standing or sitting, the tongue refuses its office, and the whole oratorical fabric totters and probably falls into a thousand disjointed pieces—a miserable end, which not even the applause of the most indefatigable party *claque* can either conceal or retard. If presence of mind or self-control, which is the first essential of decent speaking, be wanting to these unhappy men, so, as a general rule, is the second essential—the power of impressing their hearers with their sincerity, simplicity, and single-mindedness. All who have studied the subject agree that, at least with large and promiscuous assemblages, the air of conviction and plain honesty in the speaker infallibly opens the hearts of his hearers. But not every sincere man can impart this air to his public deliverances, for not every sincere man has that perfect and unsophisticated confidence in the truth and wisdom of what he is urging which would enable him to throw himself firmly and simply on that, without overthinking of studied forms and rhetorical proprieties. It is not enough that he should be sincere. His sincerity must be of the full-blooded sort which shall inspire him, and bear him up far away from that self-consciousness which is the bane of the speaker. If a man is thinking more of himself than of his cause, or, to put it rather differently, if he is incapable of forgetting himself in his cause, he may succeed with a closet audience, but he will never carry the hearts of a crowd. Not only to be, but to show yourself, thoroughly in earnest, is the certain key to oratorical success, and will largely if not entirely atone for defective fancy, insufficient variety, almost for excessive length. People are keen to detect the pre-occupied manner which shows that the orator is not delivering his thoughts as they come, and that his tongue is always at least one sentence behind his thoughts—and to discover this is to listen with half an ear. Yet this pre-occupation greets you more or less at every public meeting you attend. The speakers, instead of standing firm on their feet, and there frankly delivering that which it is in them to deliver, move uneasily to and fro, and show every onlooker that even as they talk they are busy fumbling with mysterious and awkward parcels of thought in dark and inner regions of the mind. Everybody knows how this sort of pre-occupation disgusts one in private life. The disgust is not lessened but heightened when we see it in public, though long-suffering custom teaches us to endure it. Then, just as private theatricals usually break down because you cannot prevail upon amateurs to learn their parts perfectly, so orators come to grief because they only half prepare what they are going to say. There can be no doubt that he who wishes to make an effective speech has only two alternatives—he may either refrain from preparation altogether, or he must prepare laboriously and thoroughly. There is another essential—that a man should have something to say of his own, and that he should know exactly what it is that he means, and know fully why he means it. Perhaps this is the point at which, more than any other, the great tribe of candidates breaks hopelessly down.

#### THE HABIT OF CONDESCENSION.

THERE are people of all degrees whose lives must needs be passed among their inferiors. Fate rules this for Popes, Emperors, and Kings. It is likewise the necessity of lofty genius and penetrating intellect that they seldom meet their match. Again, it is the doom of multitudes, in the way of their calling, to be cut off from the brightening contact of equals and superiors. The schoolmaster, the Indian judge, the country curate who lives remote, have to spend their days in intercourse with minds to which they must condescend. But in all these cases isolation from equal fellowship is felt to be an evil, and every remission of the interdict is caught at as a benefit as well as a relief. It is when the condition is deliberately chosen that a life spent amid inferiors is esteemed a good in itself, and the choice in the highest degree meritorious in the man who makes it and advantageous to those who profit by it; and this whether we take inferiority to apply to station, education, or intellect. And it is in the stricter schools of religion alone that we find men holding this relation to their species put forward, as such, for imitation. No doubt there are many reasons for this. We only state the fact that the mere mention of such exclusive intercourse is considered the highest commendation of a man. "He lives amongst the poor"; "he never goes into society"; "his work is everything to him"; "he has withdrawn from the world"; "he sees only a few friends who are like-minded, or those only who come to him for counsel and advice, or those who rely upon him for guidance." It must, we see, be a natural tendency of active benevolence, absorbing both time and interest, and also of a fervid belief always labouring to propagate itself, to withdraw a man from equal intercourse—"equal" here meaning that there shall be no one predominating influence dictating the line of thought and inquiry; but the question is, whether this natural tendency shall be pushed to its conclusion, and acquiesced in as the right thing, as well as the natural thing. It must be granted that the inquiry has something invidious in it; for the people we have in our eye are good people. We must own them to be unselfish according to the common standard of selfishness. They spend their time in duties which would be irksome to



most men, or they forego intercourse and relaxation which would be pleasant to most men; and they always seem intent on effecting some real good. Yet, as Sydney Smith feared that no man can effect great benefits for his country without some sacrifice of the minor virtues, so it seems to us that no man can devote himself in this exclusive way to persons he holds and treats as inferiors without acquiring a condescending habit of mind unfriendly to humility; and this is a necessary drawback to much goodness and virtue.

No religious mind ever forgets, indeed, to enforce humiliation on itself as the foremost Christian grace. But, in the first place, the most conspicuous fact in the life of one who renounces the genial society of his equals on high religious grounds seems to be a guarantee that he possesses the virtue in a special degree, for he cuts himself off from intellectual triumphs and social distinctions; and, in the next, he is in the continual practice of such humility as consists in comparing his imperfect efforts with Infinite Perfection. In this sense, the acts of humiliation of those who emphatically call themselves "religious" surpass all other examples. The world has no idea of imposing such tests as are implied in the smallest requirements submitted to by professional adepts in this art; for with them it becomes an art. Nor does it dream of the self-abnegation and prostration of intellect which becomes easy to minds practised in this strain, and of which an example some time since so much impressed and edified us that we adduce it here; explaining, however, that the act of humility is to our point rather than the actor. We refer to Mr. Ward, the able advocate of Papal infallibility. "It has been said," he tells us, "that I have shown repulsive arrogance by the confident tone in which I have expressed my convictions"; and he goes on, with even surplussage of self-accusation, to allow that not only arrogance but a hundred other faults may enter largely into his composition; but at the same time he cannot really admit that confidence of tone is in itself a proof of arrogance. "Indeed," he continues, "the very principles I advocate afford, I hope, much security against undue intellectual self-confidence. In conformity with those principles, every single proposition contained in this volume which bears ever so remotely on faith and morals—and there is hardly a sentence which has not such a bearing—is submitted by me with most absolute unreserve to the infallible judgment of the Holy See. Take any statement which may have been made by me with the greatest confidence; if the Holy Father shall see reason to censure it, my conviction of its unsoundness will be (not merely far greater in degree, but) indefinitely higher in kind, than my present persuasion of its truth." This surely is a wonderful instance of humility in its own line. Our high appreciation of that virtue could never lead us to such self-abasement. It must satisfy the Pope himself; but still it seems to leave Mr. Ward exactly where he was towards the rest of mankind. If people called him arrogant before, there is nothing to prevent their calling him so still. It is in this sense, if not in this degree, that every man zealously devoting himself to a cause, and separating himself from the criticism of equals, is humble. But we cannot rate high the influence upon the teacher of his own lessons of humility to other people, or of his own acts of humility as determining his view of his own position among men. We doubt whether any effort of this kind is equal in its effect on the character to those ribs and checks which a man has to put up with amongst his fellows; which come uncourted, and are in no sense voluntary inflictions; which force him to recognise in others qualities in which he is deficient, infuse a sense of insignificance, make him feel for the moment unequal to his task, remind him that he is a feeble advocate for his cause, and that perhaps that cause itself is not the one only key to truth. Nothing but direct contact with independent vigorous minds will do this for a man, and no one with strength to rally from it will fail to own himself the better for the discipline. The student who reads only what is said on his own side, and would willingly see nobody who does not agree with him, whatever his native powers and perspicacity, is powerless to resist the influences of such a position. He talks and writes with a sense of patronage and exclusive possession of the points of his subject; while at the same time he is unreasonably sanguine as to any sympathy, or seeming sympathy, that the distant unknown world chances to bestow upon him. What immense weight is often given, by men who only see the world through the *Times*, to a few civil words, which may have been the whim of the moment, or prompted by some personal feeling in the reviewer, or hit off in good-humoured patronage of some theory or dream, because it is a theory or a dream and can never be anything more. To the sanguine reader the world seems to speak in this utterance; a new era is surely beginning; the careless phrases are invested with a prophetic significance. It is only one who never puts himself in the way of contradiction, whose mind is warped by the defence of a small circle till his convictions of truth are inextricably intertwined with faith in his own power of eliciting that truth, that can fall into such illusions, or suppose the world so ready to renounce its errors and see things with his eyes.

The moral pre-eminence of theology, no doubt, removes it from the conditions attaching to other sciences. The theologian is no cold inquirer after truth, but believes himself to possess it as a sacred deposit which it is his duty to preserve from outrage; but the jealousy we remark upon in some men does not concern main bulwarks and defences. They show most impatience of minor deviations from their own type, till the slightest departure from their pattern awakens a sensitiveness which is revered by their

disciples as a sixth sense of orthodoxy, but which bears tokens to others of commonplace irritability, nervous fretfulness at the unusual friction, and even a downright intolerance of contradiction. Few persons are aware of the strong things that men of keen theological instincts and vigorous wills who have on principle eschewed the society of all who do not agree with them, and confined their sympathies to such as accept their dictation, will say of old friends who stop short of *all* their conclusions. Such utterances would indeed be impossible but for the self-reliance, and the hauteur in expressing it, so easily acquired among subservient minds, which of all things admire a lofty tone. People who never willingly oppose an objection and hastily withdraw any opinion which is not fortunate enough to receive the approval of the master on whom they pin their faith, find something exhilarating and strengthening in denunciations approaching as near to anathema as the nineteenth century will bear. It is language they dare not use, but, as long as their leader takes all the responsibility, they like it; yet all the while it may have been provoked by mere surprise at finding an opinion combated, and an opposite view enforced, which long prescription only had removed from the limits of lawful debate. There are men so alive to this danger that, with native power to be leaders, they decline the office for fear of the consequences to their own minds. No consideration for the blindness and error of the masses, no desire for the elevation of their own nature above the common notion of the religious character, will tempt them to incur the risks of a life of perpetual condescension, of always teaching and never being taught, where they must reverse the natural dispensation of give and take, and renounce the homely discipline that this implies. To shrink from the conditions which surround every appointed calling may argue failure in magnanimity, but at least those who do so are never wanting in cases to justify the moderation of their own choice.

But our subject by no means confines itself to leaders and such great guns. Dr. Johnson was once asked to write a funeral sermon for a tradesman's daughter. He naturally inquired into the character of the deceased, and, being told that she was remarkable for her humility and condescension to inferiors, he observed that these were very laudable qualities, but that it might not be so easy to discover who the lady's inferiors were. The habit of condescension depends less than might be supposed on this consideration, and appertains to a great many persons concerning whom the same difficulty arises. It is, in fact, one of the dangers of the active temperament; it is a foible—often no more—that grows out of viewing mankind exclusively from the side on which the worker has to do with them. The class advertised for as "earnest curates" are required to be men of this sort. They are supposed to be so absorbed in the exigencies of parish work that they have neither time nor inclination for anything beyond it. All honour to the impulse that carries them along; but, unchecked by intervals of free intercourse with equals, it is apt to bear men into a habit of treating human souls too much as a mass, to be worked upon and moulded into one pattern and common type after the moulder's design. We have seen a man in zealous talk of his work, positively kneading his parish with both his hands; thus illustrating by pantomimic action how, according to technical phrase, it is to be "worked." In sympathy with these souls, each so distinct, and in its own apprehension needing such delicate handling, it jars upon us to see them drilled into lines and squares by the imperious master-spirit of organization. But the objection may be fantastic, and we are far from denying that great things are done by organization, and that very little would be done if men saw all the difficulties of their work, and the small place they fill in the world. Still, for people of this temper an occasional glimpse of cold reality might be no disadvantage, providing always they have strength to stand the shock. When a man refuses to enter into society because he can do no good in it, and because nobody is the gainer, how does he know this? Perhaps he himself might be a gainer; the temporary sense of failure might enlarge his mind, and send him back to his work with some hints and individual applications which he might not have learnt, in the swing of apparent success, amongst people from whom he is separated by the sense of superiority and the habit of condescension.

#### NYMPHS.

**B**ETWEEN the time of the raw school-girl and that of the finished young lady is the short season of the nymph, when the physical enjoyment of life is perhaps at its keenest, and a girl is not afraid to use her limbs as nature meant her to use them, nor ashamed to take pleasure in her youth and strength. This is the time when a sharp run down a steep hill, with the chance of a tumble midway, is an exercise by no means objected to; when clambering over gates, stiles, and even crabbled stone walls is not refused because of the undignified display of ankle which the adventure involves; when leaping a ditch comes in as one of the ordinary accidents of a marshland walk; and when the fun of riding is infinitely enhanced if the horse is only half broken, or bare-backed. The nymph, an out-of-door, breezy, healthy girl, more after the pattern of the Greek Oread than the Amazon, is found only in the country; and for the most part only in the remoter districts of the country. In the town she degenerates into fastness, according to the law which makes evil merely the misdirection of force, as dirt is only matter

in the wrong place. But among the mountains, in the secluded midland villages, or out on the thinly-populated moorland tracts, the nymph may be found in the full perfection of her nature. And a very beautiful kind of nature it is; though it is to be feared that certain ladies of the stricter sort would call her "tomboy," and that those of a still narrower way of thought, unable to distinguish between unconventionality and vulgarity, would hold her to be decidedly vulgar—which she is not—and would wonder at her mother for "letting her go on so." You fall upon the nymph at all hours and in all seasons. Indeed, she boasts that no weather ever keeps her indoors, and prefers a little roughness of the elements to anything too luscious or sentimental. A fresh wind, a sharp frost, a blinding fall of snow, or a pelting shower of rain are all high jinks to the nymph, to whom it is rare fun to come in like a water-dog, dripping from every hair, or shaking the snow in masses from her hat and cloak. She prefers this kind of thing to the most suggestive beauty of the moonlight, or to the fervid heats of summer, and thinks a long walk in the crisp sharp frost, with the leaves crackling under her feet, worth all the nightingales in the wood. And yet she loves the spring and summer too, for the sake of the flowers and the birds and the beasts and the insects they bring forth; for the nymph is almost always a naturalist of the perceptive and self-taught kind, and has a marvellous faculty for finding out nests and rare habitats, and for tracking unusual trails to their hidden homes.

There is no prettier sight among girls than the nymph when thoroughly at her ease, and enjoying herself in her own peculiar way. That wonderful grace of unconsciousness which belongs to savages and animals belongs to her also, and she moves with a supple freedom which affectation or shyness would equally destroy. To see her running down a green field, with the sunlight falling on her, her light dress blown into coloured clouds by the wind, her step a little too long for the correct town-walk, but so firmly planted and yet so light, so swift and so even, her cheeks freshly flushed by exercise, her eyes bright and fearless, her teeth just shown below her lip as she comes forward with a ringing laugh, carrying a young bird which she has just caught, or a sheaf of wild flowers for which she has been periling her neck, is to see a beautiful and gracious picture which one remembers with pleasure all one's life after. Or you meet her quite alone on a wide bleak moor, with her hat in her hand and her hair blowing across her face, looking for plovers' eggs, or ferns and orchids down in the damp hollows. She is by no means dressed according to the canons of *Le Follet*, and yet she always manages to have something picturesque about her—something that would delight an artist's taste, and that is in perfect harmony with herself and her surroundings, which she wears with a profound ignorance as to how well it suits her, or at least with only an instinctive knowledge that it is the right thing for her. She may be shy as she meets you; if she is passing out of the nymph state into that of conscious womanhood, she will be shy; but if still a nymph with no disturbing influences at work, she will probably look at you with a fixed, perplexing, half-provoking look of frank curiosity, which you can neither notice nor take advantage of; the trammels of conventional life fettering one side heavily, if not the other. Shocking as it is to say, the nymph may sometimes be met on the top of a haystack, and certainly in the hayfield, where she is engaged in scattering the "cocks," if not in raising them, and where even the haymakers themselves—and they are not a notably romantic race—do not grumble at the extra trouble she gives them, because of her evident delight in her misdeeds. Besides, she has a bright word for them as she passes; for the nymph has democratic tendencies, and is frank and "affable" to all classes alike. She needs to be a little looked after in this direction, not for mischief but for manners; for, if not judiciously checked, she may become in time coarse. There are seamy sides to everything, and the nymph does not escape the general law.

If the nymph condescends to any game at all, it is croquet, at which she is inexorably severe. She knows nothing of the little weakness which makes her elder sisters overlook the patent spooning of the favourite curate, even though he is opposed to them—nothing of the tender favouritism which pushes on an awkward partner by deeds of helping outside the law. The nymph, who has no weakness or tenderness of that kind, knows only the game; and the game has not elastic boundaries. Therefore she is inflexible in her justice to one side and the other. Is it not the game? she says when reproached with being disagreeable and unamiable. But even croquet is slow to the nymph, who has been known to handle a bat not discreditably, and who is an adept at firing at a mark with real powder and ball. If she lives near a lake, a river, or the sea, she is first-rate at boating, can feather her oar and back water with the skill of a veteran oarsman, and can reef a sail or steer close without the slightest hesitation or nervousness. She is also a famous swimmer, and takes the water like a duck; and at an ordinary summer seaside resort, if by chance she ever profanes herself by showing off there, attracts quite a crowd of beach loungers to watch her feats by the bathing machines. She is a great walker, wherever she lives; and, if a mountaineer, is a clever cragswoman, making it a point of honour to go to the top of the most difficult and dangerous mountains in her neighbourhood, and coaxing her brothers to let her join them and their friends in expeditions which require both nerve and strength. Her greatest sphere of social glory is a picnic, where she always heads the explor-

ing party, clambering up the rocks of the waterfall, or diving down into the close-smelling caves, or scaling the crumbling walls of the ruin before any one else can come up to her. She is specially happy at old ruins, where she flits in and out among the broken columns, and under the mouldering arches, like a spirit of the place disturbed unduly. Sometimes she climbs up by unseen means, till she reaches a point where it makes one dizzy to see her; and sometimes she startles her company by the sudden bleating of a sheep, or the wild hoot of an owl. For she can imitate the sounds of animals for the most part with wonderful accuracy; though she can also sing simple ballads without music, with sweetness, and correctly. She is fond of all animals, and fears none. She will pass through a field thronged with wild-looking cattle without the least hesitation; and makes friends even with the yelping farm-dogs that come snapping and snarling at her heels. In winter she feeds the wood-birds by flocks, and always takes care that the horses have a handful of corn or a lump of carrot when she goes to see them, and that the cows are the better for her visit by a bunch of lucerne, or a fat fresh cabbage leaf. The home beasts show their pleasure when they hear her fleet footstep on the paved yard; and her favourite pony whinnies to her in a peculiar voice as she passes his stable door. These are her friends, and their love for her is her reward.

In her early days the nymph was notorious for her dilapidated attire, perplexing mother and nurse to mend, or to understand why or how it had come about. But as her favourite hiding-place was in a forked branch midway up an old tree in the shrubbery, or a natural arbour which she had cut out for herself in the very heart of the underwood, it was scarcely to be wondered at if cloth and cotton testified to the severity of her retreats. She has still mysterious rents in her skirts, got no one knows how; and her mother still laments over her aptitude for rags, and wishes she could be brought to see the beauty of unstained apparel. She is given to early rising—to fits indeed of rising at some quite wild hour in the morning, for walks before breakfast, and the like innocent insanities. Sometimes she takes it in hand to educate herself in certain stoicisms, and goes without butter at breakfast, or without breakfast altogether, if she thinks that thereby she will grow stronger, or less inclined to self-indulgence. For drink she will never touch wine or beer; but she likes new milk, and is great in her capacity for water.

The nymph is almost always of the middle-classes. It is next to impossible indeed that she should be found in the higher ranks, where girls are not left to themselves, and where no one lives in far-away country places out of the reach of public opinion, and beyond the range of public overlooking. Some years ago, before the railroads and monster hotels had made the mountain districts like Hampstead or Richmond on a Sunday afternoon, the nymph was to be found in great abundance down in Cumberland and Westmoreland. By the more remote lakes, like Buttermere and Hawes Water, and in the secluded valleys running up from the larger lakes, you would come upon square stuccoed houses, generally abominably ugly, where the nymph was mistress of the situation. She might be met riding about alone in a flapping straw hat, long before hats were fashionable headgear for women, and in a blue baize skirt for all the riding-habit thought necessary; or she might be encountered on the wild fell sides, or on the mountain heights, or in her boat sculling among the lonely lake islets, or gathering water-lilies in the bays. In the desolate stretch of moorland country to the north of Skiddaw the whole female population a few years ago was of the nymph kind; but railroads and the penny-post, cheap trains, fashion, and female-ladyism have penetrated even into the heart of the wild mountains, and now the nymph there is only a transitional type—not, as formerly, a fixed class.

The nymph is the very reverse of a flirt. She has no inclination that way, and looks shy and awkward at the men who pay her compliments, or attempt anything like sentimentality. But she is not superior to boys, who are her chosen companions and favourites. A bold, brave boy, who just overtops her in skill and daring, is her delight; but anything over twenty is "awfully old," while forty and sixty are so remote that the lines blur and blend together, and have no distinction. By and by the nymph becomes a staid young woman, and marries. If she goes into a close town and has children, very often her vigorous health gives way, and we see her in a few years nervous, emaciated, consumptive, and with a pitiful yearning for "home" more pathetic than all the rest. But if she remains where she is, in the fresh pure air of her native place, she retains her youth and strength long after the age when ordinary women lose theirs, and her children are celebrated as magnificent specimens of the future generation. We often see in country places matrons of over forty who are still like young women, both in looks and bearing, both in mental innocence and physical power. They have the shy and innocent look of girls; they blush like girls; they know less evil than almost any town-bred girl of eighteen, mothers of stalwart youths though they may be; they can walk, and laugh, and take pleasure in their lives like girls; and their daughters find them as much sisters as mothers. It is not quite the same thing if they do not marry; for among the saddest sights of social life is that terrible fading and withering away of comely, healthy, vigorous young country girls, who slowly pass from nymphs, full of grace and beauty, of happiness and power, to antiquated virgins, soured, useless, debilitated, and out of nature. Of these, too, there are plenty in country places; but perhaps some scheme will be some day set afoot which

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shall redress the overweighted balance, and bring to the service of the future some of the healthiest and best of our women. Meanwhile the fresh, innocent, breezy nymph is a charming study; and may the time be far distant which shall see her tamed and civilised out of existence altogether.

#### THE ZOOLOGICAL ASPECT OF THE GAME-LAWS.

**F**OLLOWING up the suggestive paper read by Mr. Tristram at the meeting at Dundee, Mr. Newton has this year again brought the subject of the Zoological Aspect of the Game-laws before the British Association. His title is something of a misnomer, and scarcely gives a fair clue to the range and scope of his remarks. For, whatever game-preserving may have to do with that extinction of wild animal life which he deplures, the Game-laws have no bearing whatever on the matter. So far as they go, they are simply protective, not destructive. And were we to stretch them until all the *fera natura* of the British Isles could take refuge in one happy family beneath the Statute-book, in revolutionizing their character we should have to change their designation. Mr. Newton speaks rather as a zoologist than as a sportsman. He sees with regret many of the most interesting of our wild animals steadily dwindling in numbers, often destroyed in pure wantonness, often from sheer ignorance. There are a numerous class of inoffensive birds, sea-fowl for example, just without the pale of the Game-laws. Doubtless they would gladly be game if they could, and would compound for being scientifically persecuted for one half of the year, were they only suffered to increase and multiply in peace for the other. So far Mr. Newton will carry most people along with him. Indeed, it can only be owing to no one having any very direct concern with them that our graceful sea-birds have not long ago found some legislative protection. But the real interest of Mr. Newton's observations begins when he gets on the subject of our game and its enemies. His object is an excellent one, and we are glad to hear that his remarks are likely to meet at competent hands with the consideration they deserve, and that we shall have an opportunity of enlightening ourselves on points on which we are guided more often by tradition than by reason. Up to a certain point, then, we wish Mr. Newton all success. We have the more sympathy with him that we foresee that the battle he is to fight must be an uphill one in any case. He must shake convictions which—whether they are based on prejudice, as he says, or on experience, as those who hold them firmly believe—are very deeply rooted beyond all manner of doubt. We confess it appears to us that, in the first place, he is unduly alarmed; that, in the next, he makes his appeal in the wrong way; and finally, that the remedy he apparently suggests is simply an impossible one. Moreover, with a great deal of sound sense he seems to cherish certain Utopian aspirations after the readjustment of the mythical balance of nature. If the balance of nature was ever in working order at all, at least it has been hopelessly deranged since civilization first undertook to supply the wants of an unequally distributed population. It is clear that if you attempt to foster a particular species in a given district and in excessive numbers, you must assist it artificially in the struggle for life with its competitors and enemies. We do not feel quite certain how far Mr. Newton admits this, but we willingly concede that he may be in the right when he maintains that it is possible, even in the interest of the game itself, to push this assistance too far. But some of his opinions appear to us utterly speculative and untenable, while, as against others, the keepers have at least a great deal to say in support of their bloodthirsty practices.

Wild animals must necessarily tend to diminish as population increases, and we do not wonder that zoologists are inclined to take the alarm. But, after all, Mr. Newton overlooks the fact that, if they are remorselessly persecuted by one set of keepers, they are religiously preserved by another. So long as deer-stalking continues to be the fashion—and, to the great scandal of one school of political economists, the area of the deer forests is steadily increasing—so long will their chosen haunts be preserved to them as sanctuaries. The deer-stalker fosters all the enemies of the bird who spoils his sport. If they are pursued into these solitudes at all, it is by the emissaries of the selfish and shortsighted naturalists who bribe the keepers to disobedience of their standing orders. In the low country and on grouse-moors, it is true that the guardians of the game are thoroughgoing enough, and it would be as difficult to convince them that there could be any wisdom in discriminating vermin-killing as to argue your gardener into leaving the dandelion roots in your turf. The keeper works by sight, not by faith. He can see havoc wrought among his young broods by a pair of falcons or buzzards; he shakes his head incredulously over your specious theory as to the overstocking of ground and its attendant evils; and the first time he can make himself an opportunity, he fires a right and left at the birds he has been taught to loathe from his cradle. Good-natured man as he is, he positively gloats over the pangs of their little orphaned gluttons whose ever-craving beaks are gaping with fainter spasms as they sit expiring of inanition. They have been eating his wheat in the blade, and living sumptuously on infant coveys killed wholesale out of the season. Even for the rest of the year, with all his detestation of the tribe, he has too high an opinion of their instinct to have much faith in their making the infirmity their larder, or dining off dying patients. They can tell an emaciated feather-staring shadow from the plump healthy sub-

stance. Doubtless a sickly bird may fall a victim sooner or later, if his complaint is a lingering one, and some hungry marauder, reduced to a Hobson's choice, may strike him down. But it is our experience that, as a rule, the hawk singles out his victim from the middle, when he does swoop upon a covey in flight. Moreover, far more often than not, he does not wait for his prey to be on the wing at all. Any one who has shot over those moors lying out among deer forests, where winged vermin are plentiful, must constantly have remarked the golden eagle or the falcon quartering overhead as systematically as your setters do who are working in the heather below. Floating high in the air, his keen eye detaches the plumage of the moor fowl from the kindred tints of the moor; the bird meanwhile cowers below in helpless terror at the sight of his enemy, and the little tragedy repeats itself until the hunter is gorged. In fact, when birds of prey are in the air, no game will wittingly trust itself out of the cover of the heather; and when a grouse is taken on the wing, the accident is generally owing to a meeting as unlooked-for as disagreeable. Those remote districts where the grouse are sacrificed to the red deer practically test the theory that a fair head of vermin is the best specific for the grouse disease. We should say that the disease has shown itself as virulent in those sparsely stocked moors as anywhere else, and that some of them were relatively as thickly strewn with skeletons as any of the most plague-stricken districts in the lowlands.

With all this, we have reason to think that Mr. Newton is right when he says that the presence of a number of birds of prey is not necessarily incompatible with an abundance of game. We have seen flights of hawks in the air, and plenty of partridges in the stubbles. In those cases, however, the ground has been exceptionally favourable for game, the hawks had plenty of young rabbits ready to their beaks, and it is quite possible that the partridges were numerous, not because, but in spite, of the presence of the hawks. Still, with the fact before our eyes, we are by no means inclined rashly to deny Mr. Newton's theory, although, as we have shown, the keepers have not taken to their present practice without much apparent reason. And then the proscription of the owl is so perverse a piece of stupidity as of itself to induce one to receive the *dicta* of the keepers on kindred subjects with considerable distrust. The owl floats abroad when the young of the game-birds are nestling safe under the maternal wing, and when all their worst enemies—rats and similar vermin—are out on the prowl. He is, in fact, the game-preserver's best night-watcher. He keeps his very sharp eye on all suspicious characters, and metes them out merciless retribution, while, like other public benefactors, he is misunderstood and mercilessly gibbeted by way of recompense. But when Mr. Newton goes on to class in the same beneficent category stoats, polecats, and weasels, we can only pray to be delivered from our friends. If there is one thing these little pests have a special weakness for, it is eggs. They think nothing of finishing a nestful at a meal, and as birds lay in hedgerows, and stoats and their congeners haunt them by choice, the consequences of this identity of tastes are equally obvious and unfortunate.

We think, then, that Mr. Newton will find it quite impossible to make out a case for removing some of his clients from the keeper's death-roll as matter of justice; while with others who are perhaps less guilty than unfortunate, it will be no light task to efface the stain of previous bad character and foul repute, or to extenuate known evil habits. He might, we think, have got by a shorter and easier cut to the very laudable end he has in view, had he cast himself on the compassion of the court, and appealed to the sportsman's love of nature rather than to his interest. There are very few men devoted to field sports, and accustomed to country sights and scenes, who have not a taste for the picturesque, and a sympathy and admiration for the graceful outlaws they grumble at. Certainly those who lord it over the savage haunts of "the vermin" are seldom wedded to the one idea of "a bag." It would deprive their sport of half the poetry which makes its charm were they to miss the dash of the osprey from his truncated rock, the scream of the golden eagle as he hovers over the hill, the glance of the plumage of the peregrine's breast as he poises himself on a rocky spur lit by the setting sun, or even the sad wail of the wild cat from his hermit's cave deep in the shadows of the gorge at their feet. Let Mr. Newton only convince us that the numbers of our nobler wild animals are really diminishing so fast as to risk their extinction, and we believe the evil will be checked at once. But if he puts it simply on the ground that our sparing them will increase the quantity of our game, he must remember that the triumph of his opinions may have consequences the very reverse of what he desires. If grouse-preservers recognise vermin to be their friends, deer-stalkers will take to killing them as their enemies, and any immunity they may gain in the lower districts will be dearly purchased by their being hunted out of their chosen breeding-grounds.

As for his remedies for the state of things whose existence he asserts, Mr. Newton seems to us to hit the mark exactly when he talks of educating and influencing opinion. That, with some slight statutory assistance, is the true way to attain the object he has at heart. When he suggests establishing a close time, during which the mere carrying a gun should be an offence, we hardly understand how far he would have us to go. A zealous proselyte in the *Times* expands this into the broad doctrine that no animal ought to be killed during the breeding-season. We do not fancy that Mr. Newton can intend to preach a millennium of rats and

rabbits. If all animals started fair, these fecundities would have everything their own way under a new dispensation. Tragedies like Bishop Hatto's would become matter of everyday occurrence, and the last emaciated survivors of the human race would see myriads of keen-eyed hawks and crows hunting a few stray partridges into hedgerows teeming with ground vermin. But we are willing to believe that Mr. Newton does not entertain the extreme views with which he is credited, and we are very glad to hear that a Committee has been appointed to act with him, and to report next year to the Association on a question of so much national interest.

#### FLOWERS OF THE WEEK.

AN ingenious friend of ours once proposed the daily or weekly publication of a paper to be called "The Chronicle of Current Error." A number of men, masters severally of all kinds of subjects, were to combine, and each was to report, daily or weekly, the richest blunders, the most remarkable specimens of nonsense, which had been, since the last number, given to the world in his own special province. In the lack of a publication specially devoted to so praiseworthy an object, we have ourselves, now and then, tried to do something of the same kind in a smaller way. Whenever we make such an attempt, we feel, more and more keenly, how frightful would be the labour of any one who should undertake to represent on the staff of the Chronicle of Current Error any one great subject, or even any considerable branch of any one great subject. But there are times when the burden might seem almost too heavy for one pair of shoulders to bear. At the appointed period of the year come the partridges, and with the partridges comes the Silly Season. Wise men and foolish men say things which at another time might be taken no notice of, but which, just in these months, become the subject of leading articles. And both the wisdom of the wise and the folly of the foolish become, by some inscrutable law, the subject of exactly the same kind of leading articles. Then, if a general election should be drawing near, noble lords and honourable gentlemen will be stumping it far and near, and not a few of them throwing in their contributions to the mass. And, above all, if the general election is likely to turn on a great constitutional question, involving points of law and points of history, how much greater than ever will become the task laid on a regular contributor to the Chronicle of Current Error.

Let us then take a glance at some of the things which have been said and commented on within the last few days. First of all, here are Archbishop Manning and the *Times* still hammering away at Saint Thomas of Canterbury. And a fine mess each of them makes of the matter. For the Archbishop, to be sure, we have a certain tenderness, as what we are criticizing may not be what he really said. The *Times* has the great advantage over the Archbishop of being able to report itself, while the Archbishop must put up with being reported as the *Times* chooses. And the Archbishop now does not stand alone. He has got a Monsignor to help him, and the two together form a joint victim for the infallible censor. For Monsignor Talbot we cannot say that we have any pity. We do not suspect Archbishop Manning of any very deep knowledge of his subject, but he has at any rate the discretion to shelter himself under the mantle of a convenient vagueness. Monsignor Talbot blurs out his ignorance of the commonest facts of history without the slightest reserve. After making every allowance for the possible vagaries of the *Times* reporter, Monsignor Talbot's sermon of August 30th, reported in the *Times* of September 1st, and commented on in the *Times* of September 4th, must have been, in an historical point of view, a remarkable production. We know very well that hagiography and history are two different things, and that meditation on the legendary acts and legendary character of a saint is quite a different process from study of his recorded doings as a man. We should not therefore complain if Monsignor Talbot had merely held up to the reverence of his congregation at Moorfields a Thomas wholly different from the Thomas of history. But when Monsignor Talbot comes down from his seventh heaven to talk of things of the earth, earthy—to talk about mere work-day sort of people, like "Saxons" and Normans, then we deal with Monsignor Talbot as we should deal with another man. We do not dwell on Monsignor Talbot's talk about Saint Patrick and Saint Boniface, save to note by the way that neither he nor his critic in the *Times* show the least sign of knowing that Boniface was an Englishman. We come straight to our own Thomas. Here we have Monsignor Talbot's version of him and the old time before him:—

Having sketched the history of the conversion of England by St. Augustine, the preacher proceeded to say that 400 years after that apostle of the faith had come to this island, the land was conquered by a race who were clad in iron from head to foot. That people commenced by insulting the Holy See, and the devotion of the simple Saxon inhabitants to the Vicar of Christ became less fervent day by day. So things proceeded until Thomas à Becket, a Saxon, was murdered by the barons of Henry II., a Norman. Thomas à Becket was the humblest of men, and the holiest of prelates. All history had falsified his character. He loved the poor, and gave them all he could bestow; his humility was proverbial, and still he was put to death. Why? Because he defended the poor, and the rights of the poor and of the Church. Henry VIII. accomplished what Henry II. had begun.

For the last sentence we thank Monsignor Talbot. Henry the Eighth did accomplish what Henry the Second had begun, but what will Monsignor Talbot say if we add that Henry the Second

did very little besides tread in the steps of "the glorious King, Saint Edward his predecessor"? But before we discuss the text, let us glance at the comment. Here are the *Times*' reflections on Monsignor Talbot's narrative:—

Now, England's conversion did, indeed, originally spring from the right source; for, agreeably to Monsignor Talbot, St. Augustine preached to the Saxons in the name of St. Peter, and with the Pope's good will. But there soon came across the Channel a conquering race "all clad in iron," and this country, which in Saxon times had been the "Isle of Saints," became under the Norman Kings that "spiritual wilderness" which it now is. We are not told by what teachers the Word was imparted to the conquering race; but it is clearly hinted that the Normans were indifferent Christians from the outset. They "insulted the Holy See" and undermined the devotion of the Saxon inhabitants. Saxon devotion to the Vicar of Christ had in champion in Thomas à Becket, and he was put to death. Thomas à Becket, the Saxon, was slain by the Barons of Henry II., a Norman.

Let us remind the *Times* that 5 and 4 make 9, and that 597+400 brings us, not to 1066, but to 997. The race clad in iron are plainly not Normans, but those Danes who, in 997, were undoubtedly busily engaged in ravaging the English coasts. The *Times* might have spared its speculations as to the indifferent Christianity of the Normans and as to who may have "imparted the Word" to them. Monsignor Talbot is talking of heathen pirates who insulted the Holy See, like all other sees, and who possibly undermined the devotion of Englishmen to the Pope, because they seem to have "undermined" devotion of all sorts. Monsignor Talbot presently goes on to make a great hash of his story, but he does not make so great a hash of it as to talk in this way of the pious Normans. Monsignor Talbot doubtless knows, though seemingly the *Times* does not know, how William came into England with a hallowed ring and a hallowed banner, and the special blessing of Rome on all that he did. The odd thing about Monsignor Talbot is the way in which he leaves the Normans out altogether. He has nothing to say about them until we come to the portentous sentence, "Thomas à Becket, a Saxon, was murdered by the Barons of Henry II., a Norman." This the *Times* quotes, evidently thinking that it is all right. Monsignor Talbot, then, and the *Times* too, are both of them still in outer darkness as to the commonest facts in the life of the man of whom they are talking. For them our Gileses and our Robertsons and a crowd of others have laboured in vain. Monsignor Talbot and the *Times* are still in the wilderness of Thierry. Not only is the Angevin Henry, the heir of the line whom the Normans most hated, turned into a Norman, but Thomas, the son of Gilbert of Rouen and Rohesia of Caen, still, in 1868, figures as a "Saxon." No doubt the child of any parents born in England before 1066 would be in the eyes of the *Times* a "Saxon." But does birth in London in 1110 make a "Saxon" of a man of pure Norman descent? We tremble as we dive into such deep questions, but surely he could not have been more than a Semi-Saxon at the outside.

We cannot go in detail through every stage of a controversy which is rendered infinitely amusing by the profound ignorance displayed by the disputants on both sides. In this point of view the *Times* however has distinctly the best of it. As in the case just quoted, where the Monsignor or the Archbishop makes a real hash, the *Times* is never able to see it. Some of the *Times*' comments are amusing from their simplicity. Archbishop Manning says—

An ancient chronicler who lived near to the time of St. Thomas's martyrdom had left on record his sense of the martyr's acts, for he had said that there never lived a martyr whose martyrdom might so strictly be said to be on behalf of the whole Church on earth, and whose veneration was so justly diffused through the Catholic community.

No ancient chronicler, we are quite sure, talked about "the Catholic community," but there are a good many passages in the biographies of Thomas and other writers of the time, from which we could fancy the Archbishop was, somewhat laxly, quoting Nay, it is within the compass of a fair guess that the Archbishop mentioned the name of the ancient chronicler, but that the reporter, to whom the names of William Fitz-Stephen and Herbert of Bosham were alike unfamiliar, failed to catch it. We have known such things happen before now. But the writer of the *Times*' leader flies off at once into speculation:—

For what concerns Thomas à Becket, however, Dr. Manning mentions "an ancient chronicler who lived near the time of St. Thomas's martyrdom, and who left on record his sense of the martyr's acts." It is probably of this anonymous authority that Dr. Manning grounds his own theory—that Thomas à Becket died in defence of the liberty of the Church, a liberty which, as the Archbishop more lately explained, has no connexion with "freedom of conscience."

We cannot help being reminded of Mr. Froude and the "unknown" Bishopric of "Lexovia."

The real offence of Archbishop Manning is characteristically allowed by the *Times* to pass untouched. The Archbishop assumes throughout the very first point in debate between Henry and Thomas, whether the "customs" were the ancient laws of England or not. Here is his daring statement, a statement pardonable, it may be, in the mouth of Thomas, but hardly in that of a prelate of the nineteenth century:—

The law of England then was that the Church should possess its liberty—that the Church should possess its endowments free from all interference at the Royal or civil authority. Such was the undeniable law of England at the time of a Becket. Since the Royal Commissions had absorbed all the property of the Church, it was hard for Englishmen to suppose that the Church did have its own property; but in that day it was a corporation which did possess its lands, its churches, and everything which could be called its property, down to the latchet of a shoe, and this property was held by a right which was recognised as divine. Such was the law of the land.



Again, it was the law of the land that the election to all bishoprics should be by the perfect free choice of those in the Church who had the right irrespective of the Royal or civil authority. It was also the law of the land that any one might appeal in ecclesiastical causes to the head of the Church. It was also the law of the land that the Church might excommunicate all who she thought might be unworthy of her communion. It was also part of the law of the land—and this spread throughout all Europe, and was part of the law of the land to this day as far as some of the community were concerned—that the clergy should be judged by their superiors and by their peers. These were the five liberties of the Church, and they were all violated by Henry, and they were all defended by St. Thomas.

Here we have the fallacy about one corporation called the Church holding property, instead of a whole multitude of corporations, Bishops, Abbots, what not, holding their property—not by a right recognised as divine, but according to the law of the land. The glorious King Saint Edward and his counsellors would have been a little amazed at the five liberties of the Church as drawn out by Archbishop Manning. Go back from the dreams of hagiographers to the facts of real history, and we shall find the King and his Witan supreme over all, appointing and deposing Bishops, dealing freely with ecclesiastical property, suppressing monasteries and transferring their revenues to the Crown, appointing what days should be kept holy in the National Church, doing in short very much as Henry the Second tried to do and as Henry the Eighth did. The Archbishop goes on, in a not very intelligible strain, to say—

The Councils of the Church, which, from the seventh century downwards, were of a Parliamentary character, recognised the laws of the universal Church, did incorporate them in the laws of England, and among them were the five laws he had mentioned.

Archbishop Manning should at least give us some references. It is hard to guess what he means by the Councils of the Church being "of a Parliamentary character," unless he means the plain truth that, then and now, Parliament—the name does not matter—was supreme over all. But all this the *Times* passes by, to go off into a speculation about the meaning of the word "Church." The points at issue, the amount of right and wrong on both sides, the characters of the two illustrious men who stood foremost in the strife, need rather stronger disputants to do justice to them than the *Times*, the Archbishop, and Monsignor Talbot. The weakest of the three is undoubtedly the Monsignor. There never was such twaddle as that about Thomas being put to death because he defended the rights of the poor. There is no doubt that Thomas was popular with the poor, and that the cause of ecclesiastical privilege was, in those days, indirectly the cause of the poor. But there is just as little doubt that the right for which Thomas died was the exclusive right of the Archbishop of England to crown the King of England.

We will now add only that the martyr's name is, doubtless for some good reason, changed once more. Little a no longer takes shelter under the immediate wing of bouncing B, and "aBeckett" has become "à Becket" once more. We know not whether this change is connected with another change still more remarkable, and which should certainly have had a three-tailed comet to portend it. The *Times*, a few days ago, actually spelled the word "diocese" right, without that mysterious double s at which the world has so long wondered.

And so farewell to Thomas of London, the subject of as many disputes after his death as he was engaged in while he was alive. Archbishop Manning in some inscrutable way connects him with Daniel O'Connell, and Daniel O'Connell at once leads us to Ireland and the Irish Church, and thereby to a speech of Lord Bury at Berwick, reported in the same number of the *Times* which criticizes the Monsignor and the Archbishop. The Protestant candidate is just as confused about the tenure of Church property as the Roman Catholic Archbishop:—

"Spoliation and robbery," says Major Carpenter. How can there be spoliation and robbery when the property is not vested in the Church? What did Lord Brougham say with regard to this question of Church property and private property? Is there no distinction between them? Private property a man can bequeath to his son, or mortgage, or alienate. Can the Irish Church do this? No; it holds as trustee for the State certain funds which it has to administer in a certain way.

Here is the same confused notion about a "Church," as a corporation holding property, which we have already noticed in the lecture of Archbishop Manning. We have over and over again spoken of the points of likeness and of unlikeness between corporate and private property, and we will not do so again simply because Lord Bury does not seem to understand them. But one does start at some of Lord Bury's sayings. "The property is not vested in the Church." Of course it is not, because there is no such body as "the Church" in which anything can be vested. It is of course vested in the several "churches" in the sense of the Coronation Oath. Lord Bury asks, with charming simplicity, whether the Irish Church can bequeath property to his, her, or its son, and then answers his own question by saying, "No; it holds as trustee for the State certain funds which it has to administer in a certain way." We should greatly like to see the trust deed, as its technical language would, one would think, be strange to the most experienced conveyancer. We should like to know the exact form by which property can be conveyed to a Church to hold as trustee for a State, and we should equally like to see the clauses defining the certain way in which the said property is to be administered. Lord Bury seems disposed to rival a candidate elsewhere, who was described on the hustings, by an admiring proposer, as one who had taken first classes in the schools of Law, History, and Jurisprudence. The distinction between Law and Jurisprudence is too subtle for us, but Lord

Bury's lecture on the tenure of Church property may doubtless pass as a specimen of either. As to his further merits in the historical line there can be no doubt. His Lordship goes on to say:—

You have heard in this town, I believe, several lectures on the Irish Church. Let me add one to them, only in three words. There was a primitive Church in Ireland when the Normans came and conquered England; they sent over an army and conquered Ireland also. Henry II. soon after the Conquest said to the Pope, "If you will help me to conquer Ireland I will give your clergy the tithes of the land." The bargain was struck, and the tithes were given to the Roman Catholics in 1100 and odd. The Catholics held these tithes till the Reformation, when Henry VIII. took them away. Elizabeth gave them to some of her friends. Queen Mary took them back for the Catholics. The Protector Cromwell took them for the Puritans. William III. when he came over gave them to the Established Church again. And so it has gone on the game of see-saw. (Laughter and cheers.) Now the Church of Rome—now the Church of England—which ever has been the strongest, has taken possession of these tithes and has held them.

This strikes us as a rather long three words, and the whole conception both of English and Irish history is curious. As for the primitive Church of Ireland, the Coarbs, and all the rest of it, we are really getting tired of hearing about them. But at any rate we must remind Lord Bury that this primitive Church of Ireland had, some while before the reign of Henry the Second, begun to make considerable approaches to what Lord Bury would probably call the Church of Rome, but what we should call the Church of England. But this happened in a period which Lord Bury seems to wipe out altogether—namely, the century or more between the landing of William in England and the landing of Strongbow in Ireland. Lord Bury seems to think that the latter of those two events happened immediately after the former, and that the two were the work of the same persons. "The Normans came and conquered England; they sent over an army, and conquered Ireland also." Then comes a little dialogue between Henry the Second and the Pope—which Pope?—which does not want dramatic liveliness, if only one could find it in any record. The bargain, says Lord Bury, was struck, and the tithes were given to the "Pope's clergy," or to the "Roman Catholics," according to Lord Bury's exact chronology, "in 1100 and odd." This vague date would at least take in the Council of Cashel—the only Council, as far as we remember, which dealt with the matter, and which, instead of granting anything to this mysterious body called "the Pope's clergy," and "the Roman Catholics," confirmed the tithes and everything else of the kind to the Churches already existing in the land. Then we get Lord Bury's date for the Reformation, which according to him took place under Henry the Eighth, and which seemingly consisted in taking away the tithes from "the Catholics" and giving them to some other persons not named. Then in Lord Bury's succession of Kings, Elizabeth comes before Mary, and the Protector Cromwell seems to be the immediate undoer of the arrangements made by the bloody Queen. We should also specially like to have a more exact description of those friends of Elizabeth to some of whom she gave the tithes of Ireland. To be sure it is a mere question of curiosity, as her arrangements were so soon upset by Mary, and Mary's arrangements by the Protector Cromwell. Then the arrangements of this last worthy seem, somewhat oddly, to have been upset by William the Third, who clearly, according to Lord Bury's reading of history, took the tithes from the Puritans and gave them to the Established Church. This Lord Bury calls a game of see-saw between the Church of Rome and the Church of England; but surely it is at least a triangular duel between Catholics, Puritans, and Established Church; to say nothing of those doubtful persons called some of Queen Elizabeth's friends, and those other still more doubtful friends of Henry the Eighth, from whom the tithes seem to have been taken by Elizabeth.

#### THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT AND CENTRAL ASIA.

IF we may trust semi-official announcements, a momentous change of policy has taken place in India on the question of Central Asia. That policy, as its friends have loved to describe it, has hitherto been one of "masterly inactivity." We might look with unconcern, it was urged, on the progress towards our frontier which Russia was making. In any case, that Power must take many years to come near us, and the country was so difficult, and the people were so intractable, that even if the Russians had designs on India, our wisest course was to allow them to encumber themselves with a barren conquest. When they had struggled with the difficulties of deserts and mountains, and won the hate of ungovernable races, we might meet them on the frontier as they "emerged from the passes," exhausted, half-famished, and broken, an easy prey to a well-disciplined host moving on interior lines and fighting near its base. This, or something like this, is the tune to which we have been listening for the last two or three years; but now we hear something very different. The old equanimity with which an indefinite advance by Russia was regarded has disappeared. Russia, it is acknowledged, must not be allowed to come to the Indus. Her advance into Afghanistan—that is, in effect, into the territory which intervenes between the Oxus and India—must be treated as an act of war; the Afghans will be assisted in resisting the invasion. The contingency to give rise to this action is only looked for "any time within the next thirty or forty years"; but even this is a very different view of the matter from that formerly professed, that Russia would probably make no such advance for half a century to come. But not only is the old policy of meeting the

Russian army as it emerges from the passes of the Suleiman abandoned, and an advance into Afghanistan contemplated; immediate preparation will be made in India to operate with force when the contingency arises. The railway to Peshawur is to be made instantly, the line down the Indus Valley is to be completed, "the whole question of forts, arsenals, magazines, and depôts is now under earnest discussion." There are even hints that one of the proposed fortresses will be considerably beyond our present frontiers—namely, at Quettah, giving us complete hold of the Bolan pass, and placing the plain of Candahar within easy reach. The strength of the English army, "already so dangerously reduced," is also held to be an important matter in the light of the future, and the native army must be "so organized as to admit of being doubled, if necessary, when real campaigns are threatened." All this is clearly very different from any form of masterly inactivity that can be conceived. The utmost action formerly admitted to be possible was the collection of intelligence, without moving hand or finger otherwise, the Russian advance being calmly awaited until an actual invasion was imminent. Now there is definite preparation for events which are many degrees short of invasion. The contrast is flagrant between the present and the past policy, to whatever cause the change may be due.

Before criticizing the new policy adopted, we may congratulate the Indian Government on the progress it has made. The change, in short, concedes the whole case of those who have been urging that masterly inactivity was both dangerous and foolish. It has, unfortunately, been necessary hitherto not to discuss so much what the policy of action should be, as to insist that action of some kind would require to be taken. The point was that Russia's character as a neighbour would alter the entire method of garrisoning India. The proximity of a European Power was not thought of when existing arrangements were made, and the fact is so important that our whole system must be revised. This revision is now the concern of the Indian Government, and they are adopting one of the measures which it was evident from the first would be necessary. What they are doing is to strengthen the garrison of India, and this is precisely the main embarrassment to which we have drawn attention as the possible consequence of an unchecked Russian advance. The too zealous friends of the old do-nothing policy—far more zealous, we believe, than the Indian Government ever was at heart—the writers who rather rejoiced in the civilizing mission which the Russian Government was fulfilling, may now see the fruit of their optimism. Whatever mutual benefits Russia and her conquered provinces may enjoy, the result for India is an additional and anxious burden. All things considered, it might not have been so unwise to abandon sooner the policy of masterly inactivity. A distinct pledge exacted from Russia not to advance beyond Chemkend might probably have been obtained with ease three or four years ago, and would have saved us the embarrassments of the hour. Even an engagement not to cross the Jaxartes might have been sufficient; but that engagement our diplomatists have failed to secure, though it is probable the Indian Government has taken the alarm on account of the Russian breach of informal promises and professions to keep to the valley of the Jaxartes. But, letting the past alone, action of some sort, and the constant vigilance which action implies, are plainly better now than the plan of letting things slide which has brought us to the present pass. The great danger was that we might be taken by surprise in deference to a too-confident optimism and a blind adherence to theories of non-intervention. That danger has passed away, and the future movements of Russia are certain to command an amount of notice which cannot but be most unwelcome if there was any intention to steal up to the Indian frontier while English vigilance was lulled by false theories and a distaste for the whole subject, the fruit of an unfortunate but inapplicable experience.

Of the policy adopted we may say a good deal that is favourable. In any event, India will be more secure by the strengthening of its garrison and the armament of the North-west frontier. It is a misfortune that the necessity has arisen; but as Russia has been permitted to become our neighbour, it is wise to acknowledge the fact. Now, if an attack is attempted, we shall be better prepared for it, whether Afghanistan or the Punjab is selected as the theatre of the contest. We shall also be prepared to respond if Russia, for some purpose or other—say in the midst of a diplomatic crisis—chooses to demonstrate against India. In turn, if occasion arises, we shall be able to demonstrate against Russian Turkestan without leaving our base unguarded, thus proving that Russia does not wholly gain by the encroachments of late years. It will be inconvenient certainly to strengthen the European garrison, but it would be a worse inconvenience to be tied down to inaction because of its weakness—to suffer that to be done for a time which we may eventually have to undo at much greater cost and hazard. The reorganization of the native army, however, is a good thing in itself, and we ought not to quarrel with the subject being forced on us. An army which we dare not trust with artillery, which we dare not make as effective as possible by arming it with the best weapons, which is ever in danger of a class-feeling antagonistic to its masters, is not a secure instrument for any sort of purpose. And its utility is impaired by the want of facility for instant expansion, which makes the drain of troops for a small expedition a cause of trouble and annoyance throughout the whole peninsula. The Indian Government is thus only wise in time if the action of another Power precipitates a course which has long been most ad-

visible. We may also commend the selection of Afghanistan, and not of the Punjab, as the intended scene of resistance to a Russian attack. It might not have been madness to wait calmly in the Punjab for a Russian army; but the idea of a commotion within the Indus, of a struggle to the death there with a hostile European army supported by Afghans and Tartars, and with the danger of insurrection around us, was too much for the nerves of any Government. A despotic Power especially is bound to commend itself to its subjects by keeping all such disorders away. Perhaps, too, we may assume that the Indian Government is influenced by the strategical advantages of Afghanistan as a field for defence. The Punjab may be quite as suitable, may perhaps be more convenient, for the defending army, though we do not think so; but by so acting as to necessitate a previous contest in Afghanistan, we should deprive the enemy of advantages which would make an attack on India very much more feasible. To obtain without dispute the plains of Herat and Candahar, in which to lay up stores and provide a secure retreat, would be of priceless value to an army advancing against India from the Central Asian plains. It would be secured against overwhelming disaster, and would have the chance of renewing the attempt after one or more failures, unless India engaged in a costly and arduous struggle to dispossess it. Perhaps, too, it is seen that so long as the Russians do not hold Herat, they cannot combine an advance from the Caspian and from Bokhara, which would be the most formidable combination for India to meet. Considerations like these have been hitherto ignored, but they will be so no longer if Russia is told that she must not touch Afghanistan under peril of a war with India. It may be admitted, we think, that with such a policy there is no danger of any great mishap. It is clear and well-defined, and Russia could not complain of being seduced into war without sufficient warning of what would be a *casus belli*. Another merit of this policy in the eyes of its promoters is that it keeps us clear, or proposes to keep us clear, of Afghanistan in time of peace. We are to let the Afghans alone, only helping them to resist the invasion of others. By this means it is thought we shall gain their friendship when a contest comes, and our enemy will get their ill-will; and these are matters, it is urged, of no small importance. Whatever may be thought of it, the statement is at least clear and intelligible; and the policy may be the safest until Afghan affairs are better understood, and some particular issue is raised by the natural progress of events.

But the policy has its weak points, and it may still be asked whether something safer and more decisive may not soon be imperative. Perhaps the weakest point in it is the constant risk of a great war which it implies. Our safety is to lie in declaring Afghanistan under our protection; but we should leave it otherwise almost altogether unguarded, with a jealous and vigilant foe at its gates, ready to take advantage of every weakness, or seeming weakness, on the part of the protecting Power. May not this be to provoke a war? It is difficult for any Government to pledge the action of England beforehand, unless by express treaty, duly sanctioned and ratified; and although we believe England would act on the policy described in almost any conceivable circumstances, it is not so certain that the Russians will think so. They may believe the peace-party or the non-interventionists, and so run their heads against a stone wall, as they did in 1854. The policy may still be best which leaves a hazard like this, but the greatness of the hazard should not be disguised. It is also a weakness of this plan that Russia, on a contest being threatened, might secure by a *coup-de-main* almost all the military advantages of a permanent occupation of Afghanistan. We might have to dislodge the Russian army from Afghan fortresses instead of standing on our guard, and this would be a heavy price to pay for leaving Afghanistan undefended. It would also be prudent to consider what a bare protectorate might end in. We propose to help the Afghans against a Russian invader, but what if the Afghans were in league with our rival, consenting to a Russian alliance, and a Russian occupation of their country? A protectorate, in short, must be backed up by some kind of intervention, and, as it would be useless disguising from the Afghans the use we meant to make of their territory, there is some reason for arguing that we might as well make good our claim by definitive possession of what we need. It would not be astonishing then if, as the Indian Government has gone so far, it should, on further reflection, admit the possibility of going even further beyond the frontier than is said to be intended. The position is such as to require the utmost firmness and resolution, and the necessity of remedies which appear at first sight extreme ought not to be summarily dismissed. Apart from the expediency of being beforehand with the Russians, there are other military conveniences apparent in a change of our frontier line; and there are some considerations of policy in favour of vigorous movements. Nor is it so certain as is sometimes assumed, that an entrance into Afghanistan would involve us in enormous expense and hazard. Everything should at least be weighed, and we trust that the Indian Government will not be deterred from considering the alternative of more decisive action by any platitudes about the wickedness of aggression, and the wisdom of non-intervention. Another consideration may show the difficulties of the problem. If we are to declare Afghanistan neutral, the policy, it may be thought, will be incomplete unless Russia is invited and consents to make a similar declaration; yet to engage in such diplomacy would be entangling and embarrassing; while even if Russia consented, all treaties would be



broken when hostilities began. There are "objections" to almost any conceivable course, and the most that is left us is a choice of evils.

#### CO-OPERATION.

IF we were only to judge from those illustrated periodicals which represent the fashions of the day, we should infer that among the middle-class of Londoners the co-operative movement has died away. Probably, however, the truth is, that having passed the first and illusory stage of rampant youth it is now in good sober working order. The prospect of getting supplied with all the necessities of life, including photographs of ourselves and our friends, at twenty-five per cent. under cost price, was charming, but too good to be quite true. As time has gone on, neither the extraordinary successes nor extraordinary failures which were predicted for it have happened. But, whatever its actual effects, and whether the movement has received any check, or is only less noisy and obtrusive than it was, one fact about it seems undeniable. If we compare the results of co-operation in Middlesex with those of Lancashire and Yorkshire, we shall see that the middle-class falls far behind the more intelligent portion of the class of operatives in its capacity for profiting by one of the chief improvements of the age. This superiority of the provinces over the metropolis in economical faculty is so remarkable that we have thought the causes of it worthy of careful investigation, and for that purpose we have procured and diligently perused some recent numbers of a periodical called the *Co-operator*, which is published at Manchester, under the editorship of Mr. Pitman. This Mr. Pitman is apparently a different person from Mr. Pitman, the Conservative working-man, who attends Protestant demonstrations, and thanks God that there is a House of Lords. It may be inferred from a perusal of this periodical that the middle-class fails in co-operation because it is deficient in enthusiasm, and because its members are not in general teetotallers; so that it wants both the boldness to form great designs, and the energy to execute them. The contributors to Mr. Pitman's journal discuss other and greater matters than the prices of soap and sugar. They contemplate the foundation of "co-operative villages." If the middle-class of Londoners were actuated by the same spirit of enterprise, there might be a co-operative village at St. John's Wood. They would say, "Let us get on the land. Grocery, butchery, baking, hatching, clogging, are facts. Let us make village-farming a fact." And when the co-operative village was established, the co-operatives of the town would undertake co-operative walks to visit it. Mr. Pitman's journal describes "a day out by co-operators" which might serve as a model for such excursions. A party of co-operators started on a Sunday to walk from Oldham to Prestwich. They passed by Heaton Park, and "commented on" the application of 2,000 acres of the best land in Lancashire to the feeding of a few cattle and rabbits. If this land were in the hands of the Lancashire co-operators it would be laid out in farms of five acres each. "Unproductive land," said a speaker as he looked over the wall of Heaton Park, "is a public nuisance," and the sentiment was applauded. It should have been remembered that Heaton Park is a convenient place for holding reviews of Lancashire Volunteers. But the listening co-operators have no thought of violently dispossessing the present owners of parks. They expect Agricultural Co-operation as a result of the increasing sobriety of the "wage class." On approaching Prestwich they met Mr. Pitman, the gifted editor of the *Co-operator*. On arriving "they made a good tea." Then they washed. The middle-class might perhaps venture, when they imitate this excursion, to make a slight change in the arrangement of the programme by washing before tea. The party next visited the Co-operative Stores of Prestwich. Then they sought shelter from the sun under the trees beside a running brook. It is gratifying to learn that there is a brook in Lancashire which retains its natural beauty undeformed by the refuse of manufactures. As the co-operators sat under these trees they formed a plan for regenerating Ireland. They expect that when the Irish Church is disestablished much land will come into the market, which may be bought by the Co-operative Societies, and let out to their sober and industrious members. "Ireland, now a trouble, can become a place of happiness to its people." One cannot help wishing that the co-operators would take their tea-pots with them, in the name of heaven, and begin to regenerate Ireland without delay. The principle of co-operation would find full exercise in resisting the attempts of the natives to break the intruders' heads. They promise to make food plentiful, and to open markets for machinery, and for cotton and woollen goods. Above all they would, so far as we can judge, be guiltless of any disposition to encourage the preservation of glorious, pious, and immortal memories in any other way than by the sale of orange ribbons at a profit. They probably call themselves Secularists in religion, and they sing verses in praise of freedom which, as poetical compositions, are on a par with the hymns which would have been sung by Methodists on a similar occasion. After singing they had tea for the second time, and then they returned home, wishing that the members of other stores would imitate their example, and make "co-operative visits" during the summer months.

The hope of co-operative progress among the middle-class ought not to be abandoned, because we find that one of the great helps to that progress—namely, inspiring poetry—is supplied to the "wage class" by Mr. E. V. Neale, Barrister, who must be con-

sidered to belong to the middle-class. Mr. Neale is the author of a poem called "Co-operative Wants," which has lately been reprinted by request from an early volume of the *Co-operator*. Reducing Mr. Neale's poetry to prose, we find that the requisites for success in co-operation are honesty, no trust, knowledge of business, faith, patience, regular accounts, careful auditing, and, adds the poet with a well-timed recollection of the utility of his own profession,

Rules fair to all, and securing legal aid.

We think that Mr. Neale might advantageously have dwelt rather longer upon the idea thus briefly presented to his readers' minds. The poem might have proceeded somewhat thus:—

Taking care that these rules before a barrister are laid,  
And on no account neglecting that his fee be duly paid.

With this improvement we should fully concur in Mr. Neale's warning that his rules, if observed, will make co-operators great—

But break them, and they'll break you, as certainly as fate.

The views of female co-operators, as developed in letters to the editor, are such as some women of the middle-class would perhaps find harmonious with their own. Alice Wilson, discussing the plan of Co-operative Villages, insists that they must not be so constituted as "to keep up family isolation." She asks how women can co-operate so long as they are tied to their individual homes by the care of their children. "Co-operation is most wanted in domestic affairs." So thinks at least one woman; but probably many men would think that the application of the principle of co-operation to curtain-lectures might be dangerous.

The results of co-operation are valuable; the proceedings of co-operators are often ludicrous and never alarming. A storm in a teapot would be the most fitting type of a revolution organized by co-operators. But, nevertheless, the International Congress of Workmen which has been held this week at Brussels may possibly be regarded by some timid people with suspicion and fear. When the Congress has broken up, after attaining results of questionable value, we expect to find Mr. Pitman announcing, in the next number of the *Co-operator*, that the reason of its partial failure was that its members drank beer during their sittings. We venture, however, in opposition to Mr. Pitman, to assert that the drinking of beer at this Congress was a distinct step in the progress of civilization. Discussions of the rights of man, not to mention those of woman, are terribly dry work, and it is inconceivable how much more patient and even interested many hearers would become if only they could be allowed a little beer. But we cannot find that the International Congress accomplished much besides consuming a certain quantity of small beer. It was desired to find some means of preventing war, but no member ventured to propose that his brethren should pledge themselves to abstain from making swords. It might have been possible, however, to carry a resolution that the cutlers of the International Association are willing, on being properly paid, to convert the swords which they may make into pruning-hooks. One speaker proclaims that the leading object of the Association is to abolish wages by rendering the workman and the capitalist co-operators in every department of manufacturing industry. The attempts which have been made in England to establish co-operative mills and other works have not been uniformly successful; but they have done no harm to anybody except their shareholders, and they may do considerable good. Another speaker puts forward as the purpose of the Congress universal brotherhood among working-men, and promises as one of its results "one common language, in which all men may express their feelings, their wants, and their wishes." If this result were likely to be attained, we should all desire to become associated working-men on the spot, in the hope of furthering it. But it must be confessed that the proceedings of the Association were impractical, and they compare unfavourably with the discussions about the price and quality of soap and sugar which occupy co-operators at home. It was confidently stated that the regeneration of the world will be accomplished by the working-class; and we can only say that we shall be very glad to see it. In the meantime it appears likely that co-operation will abolish the retail-dealer, who perhaps is not capable of being regenerated. Indeed, it seems that he has a fresh offence to expiate; for we find that, at a co-operative meeting, the grocers of England were charged with tempting their customers into habits of drinking by offering for sale intoxicating beverages.

The Governments which were disposed to take alarm at the Brussels Conference will perhaps be reassured on learning that the delegates could not understand one another's speeches. The term "international" seems fated to belong to undertakings pompously announced and ending in dismal failure. We should recommend co-operators to desist from the pursuit of what one of their speakers calls "intellectuality," and to devote themselves to the production of those results which are so encouragingly exhibited in the Annual Return of the Registrar of Industrial Societies. The shoemakers of London, who are stated to have joined the International Association, may be usefully reminded of an ancient Latin proverb. But if they insist upon attending the next Congress they will get beer; and if they fail to understand the speeches of their French and German brethren, the regeneration of the world will not perhaps be seriously retarded.

## FÉCAMP.

IT has sometimes struck us that the mediæval founders of towns and castles and monasteries were not so wholly uninfluenced by considerations of mere picturesque beauty as we are apt to fancy. We are apt to think that they had nothing in their minds but mere convenience, according to their several standards of convenience, convenience for traffic, convenience for military defence or attack, convenience for the chase, the convenience of solitude in one class of ecclesiastical foundations, the convenience of the near neighbourhood of large centres of men in another class. This may be so; but, if so, these considerations of various kinds constantly led them, by some sort of happy accident, to the choice of very attractive sites. And we venture to think that it was not merely accident, because we often come upon descriptions of sites in mediæval writers which seem to show that the men of those times were capable of appreciating the picturesque position of this or that castle or abbey, as well as its direct suitability for military or monastic purposes. Giraldus, for instance, evidently admired the site of Llanthony, and, if he expressed himself about it in rather exaggerated language, that is no more than what naturally happens when any man, especially when Giraldus, expresses himself in Latin, especially in mediæval Latin. In the like sort, we have come across one or two descriptions of the Abbey of Fécamp which clearly show that the writers were struck, as any man of taste would be, with the position in which that great and famous monastery had arisen. And, to leap to scenes which far surpass either Fécamp or Llanthony, the well-known story of Saint Bernard's absorption on the shores of the Lake of Geneva really tells the other way. We are told that the saint was so given up to pious contemplation that he travelled for a whole day through that glorious region without noticing lake, mountains, or anything else. Now we need hardly stop to show that the fact that Bernard's absorption was thought worthy of record proves that, if he did not notice any of these things, there was some one in his company who did. We suspect that in this, as in a great many things, we have more in common with our forefathers several centuries back than we have with those who are nearer to us by many generations.

Modern taste might possibly make one objection to the site of Fécamp. Though near the sea, it is not within sight of the sea. The modern watering-place of Fécamp is springing up at a considerable distance from the ancient abbey. But the love of watering-places and sea-bathing is one which is altogether modern, and, in the days in which our old towns, castles, and monasteries grew up, a site immediately on the sea would have been looked on as unsafe. And in truth there are not many places, and certainly Fécamp is not one of them, where all the various buildings of a great monastery could have been planned so as to command the modern attraction of a sea-view. Moreover it is a point not to be forgotten that people who go to Fécamp or elsewhere for sea-views and sea-bathing go there during certain months only, while the monks had to live there all the year round. The monks of Saint Michael's Mount were indeed privileged with, or condemned to, an everlasting sea-view; but the title of their house was that of Saint Michael "*in periculo maris*." To be exposed to the perils of the sea was no part of the intention of the founders of Fécamp, either of abbey, town, or palace. They chose them a site which gave them the practical advantages of the sea without the dangers of its immediate neighbourhood. Fécamp then lies a little way inland. Two parallel ranges of hills run down to the sea, with a valley and a small stream between them, at the mouth of which the modern port has been made. On the slope of the hills on the left side lies the huge mass of the minster rising over the long straggling town which stretches away to the water. But though the great church thus lies secluded from the sea, the spiritual welfare of seafaring men was not forgotten. The point where the opposite range of hills directly overhangs the sea is crowned by one of those churches specially devoted to sailors and their pilgrimages which are so often met with in such positions. The chapel of Our Lady of Safety, now restored after a season of ruin and desecration, forms a striking and picturesque object in the general landscape. And from the chapel itself, and from the hill-side paths which lead up to it, we get the noblest views of the great abbey, in all the stern simplicity of its age, stretching the huge length of its nave, one of the very few, even in Normandy, which rival the effect of Winchester and Saint Albans. A single central tower, of quite sufficient height, of no elaborate decoration, crowned by no rich spire or octagon, but with a simple covering of lead, forms the thoroughly appropriate centre of the whole building. We feel that this tower is exactly what is wanted; we almost doubt whether the church gained or lost by the loss of the western towers, which would have taken off from the effect of boundless length which is the characteristic of the building. At any rate we think how far more effective is the English and Norman arrangement, which at all events provides a great church with the noblest of central crowns, than the fashion of France, which concentrates all its force on the western front, and leaves the at least equally important point of crossing to shift for itself.

The church itself is one of the noblest even in Normandy, and it is in remarkably good preservation. And the two points in which the fabric has suffered severe damage are not owing either to Huguenots or to Jacobins, but to its own guardians under

two different states of things. The bad taste of the monks themselves in their later days is chargeable with the ugly Italian west front, which has displaced the elder front with towers of which the stumps may still be seen. An Italian front, though it must be incongruous when attached to a mediæval building, need not be in itself either ugly or mean, but this front of Fécamp is conspicuously both. The other loss is that of the *jubbé* or roodloft, which, from the fragments left, seems to have been a magnificent piece of later Gothic work, perhaps almost rivaling the famous one at Alby. The destruction of roodlofts has been so general in France that one is not particularly struck by each several case of destruction. But there is something singular about this Fécamp case, as the *jubbé* was pulled down at the restoration of religion, through the influence of the then *Curé*, in opposition to the wishes of his more conservative or more ritualistic parishioners. With these two exceptions Fécamp has lost but little, as far as regards the church itself. The conventual buildings, like most French conventual buildings, have been rebuilt in an incongruous style, and now serve for the various public purposes of the local administration. In a near view of the north side, they form an ugly excrescence against the church, but they are lost in the more distant and general view.

The church itself mainly belongs to the first years of the thirteenth century, with smaller portions both of earlier and of later date. On entering the church, we find that the long western limb is not all strictly nave, the choir, by an arrangement more common in England than in France, stretching itself west of the central tower. The whole of this western limb is built in the simplest and severest form of that earliest French Gothic, which to an English eye seems to be simply an advanced form of the transition from Romanesque. Even at Amiens, amid all the splendours of its fully-developed Geometrical windows, the pillars and arches, in their square abaci and even in the sections of their mouldings, have what an Englishman calls a Romanesque feeling still hanging about them. At Fécamp this is far stronger. The large triforium, the untraciated windows, the squareness of everything except a few English round abaci in some bays of the triforium, the external heaviness and simplicity, all make the early Gothic of Fécamp little more than pointed Romanesque. We do not say this in disparagement. This stage was a necessary stage for architecture to pass through, and the Transitional period is always one of the most interesting in architectural history. And when work of that date is carried out with such excellence both of composition and detail as it is at Fécamp, it is much more than historically interesting, it is thoroughly satisfactory in artistic effect. We say nothing against the style, except that, as being essentially imperfect and not realizing the ideal of either of the two styles between which it comes historically, we cannot look on it as a proper model for modern imitation. Several diversities of detail may on minute examination be seen in the different bays of the nave of Fécamp, just as in the contemporary nave of Wells. Just as at Wells, the western part—in this case the five western bays—is slightly later than the rest. And, as at Wells, the distinction between the older and newer work is easily to be remarked by those who look for it, though it is a distinction which makes no difference in the general effect and which might pass unnoticed by any but a very minute observer. In truth it is, in both cases, a difference not of style but of taste. The eastern limb of Fécamp—strictly the presbytery and not the choir—is more remarkable in some ways than the nave. It is here that we find the only remains of an earlier church, and these are of no very remarkable antiquity. M. Bouet, in a short account of Fécamp, addressed to the Norman Antiquarian Society, records his disappointment at finding at Fécamp no traces of the days of the early Dukes, or even of days earlier still, such as he found at Jumièges. This oldest part of Fécamp is part of a church begun so late as 1085. One bay of its presbytery and two adjoining chapels have been spared. The style is a little singular. There is something not quite Norman about the very square arches of a single order, and the capitals are not the usual Norman capitals of the second half of the eleventh century. Except this bay, the presbytery has been rebuilt in essentially the same style as the nave, though naturally a little earlier. But on the south side a singular change took place in the fourteenth century. As at Waltham, the builders of that day cut away the triforium and threw the two lower stages into one. But what was done at Waltham in the most awkward and bungling way in which anything ever was done anywhere, was at Fécamp at least done very cleverly. Without meddling with the vaulting or the vaulting shafts, the pier-arches and triforium range of the thirteenth century have been changed into arches of the fourteenth, resting on tall slender pillars, almost recalling the choir of Le Mans. Whether this change was an improvement or not is a question of taste, but there can be no question as to the wonderful skill, æsthetical and mechanical, with which the change was made, and it is the more striking from the contrast with the wretched botch at Waltham.

The church is finished to the east by a fine Flamboyant Lady Chapel. The contrast between it and the earlier work suggests the effect of Henry the Seventh's chapel at Westminster, though the contrast is not quite so strong. Altogether there can be no doubt of the claim of the church to a place in the very first rank of the great minsters of a province specially rich in such works.

We have dwelt so long on the position and the architecture of Fécamp that we have no space left to add anything on its his-

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But the local history of Fécamp naturally connects itself with several other more general points at which we shall perhaps have some future opportunity of glancing.

#### RELIGIOUS ART IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

WHY should religious painting be now extinct throughout Europe, is a question often asked, and the reasons given in reply are more numerous than satisfactory. The vital spirit being fled, the body of art, it is said, lies dead. On the other hand, we are met by two facts—first, that the world is still able to produce much good art; and secondly, that religious communities both in England and abroad give many practical proofs of the possession of true religion. The misfortune would seem to be that the good art and the true religion cannot be brought together. Thus “religious art” seems to be in abeyance partly because religious people deem themselves too good to care about art, and partly because painters are too exclusively artistic to give much heed to religion.

What the world wants, said Dr. Arnold, is not so much positive religious writings as secular works animated by a religious spirit. And this perhaps, after all, is the want in art. The problem between the Church and the world, which many earnest minds are seeking to solve—how to make religion practical and the world godly—may possibly involve the causes and the remedies for that breakdown in art which certainly is an unhappy anomaly in the existing phase of our civilization. Religious art is now severed from the world's life, and it seems vain to look for revival save through a recurrence once more to what is actual and real. Painters of old were able to take a man from the streets and put him upon canvas as a prophet. Thus Raffaele, seeing a simple mother and child seated in the public way, seized the top of a cask as nearest to hand, and sketched on the very spot the circular composition now known in the Pitti Gallery as “La Madonna della Sedia.” So with our artists; if, instead of vainly striving to emulate Fra Angelico, they would paint religion as she walks through the world, and mark the visible signs of duty and devotion in daily life, works might be produced which should come home to the experience of the people. This line of reasoning makes Overbeck, with the entire school of so-called Christian art in Germany, a warning rather than an example. Such modern revivals stand as anachronisms in the nineteenth century—pale shadows and false shows. Nothing indeed can be more certain than that, in all vital creations in sacred art, no abrupt transition is found from secular to sacred, no impassable barrier raised between the world and the Church. As to architecture, we know that the people passed at once from pointed doors in the houses where they dwelt to pointed porches and vaulted roofs in the churches where they worshipped; no invidious distinction was made between the mart for merchandize and the church for prayer. In fact, in all countries, and under all creeds, the law under which an earnest and true art has been developed appears to have been similar. Thus, in Egypt we find no essential difference between the palaces, the temples, and the tombs; the same art, in architecture, sculpture, and painting, encircled the people at their feasts, their festivals, and their funerals. So it was in Assyria and Greece. Religious art drew vitality from the life of the people; noblest form and action in grove or temple was modelled in the clay, and the people who walked the streets of Athens found, through sculpture, apotheosis on the pediments of the Parthenon. Even hostile religions may come into accord through art. St. Paul, while standing on Mars Hill, could see the figures of Phidias as they looked down from the Acropolis; and now these marbles from Minerva's Temple, and the cartoon of the Apostle preaching to the people of Athens, brought almost side by side in the same metropolis, seem to show that art, when noble and true, is almost of necessity religious. A spirit solemn and silent presides over the Elgin Marbles, and many minds will feel that the Thesens of Phidias has at least equal religion with Thorwaldsen's figure of Christ. The platitudes then may be once more permitted, that the condition for the birth of every religious school, whether classic, mediæval, or modern, seems always the same; the religion and the art must hold together closely, must be knit compactly as in unity of organic life, and, above all, must not be bound down to obsolete tradition and vague abstraction.

Yet it were rash to assert that religious art, worthy of the name, can in any age of the world be readily obtained; otherwise Europe would scarcely have remained without it for the last three centuries. We would say, indeed, even at the risk of paradox, that one difficulty, especially of late, has been that the proximity between art and nature on which we have insisted has been made even too close. In fact, to gain proximity to actual life and yet to preserve distance, to stand on the common level and yet to rise to an elevation, involve some of the chief difficulties in the settlement of a sound religious style. The German modern school and the English school, if we have one, err in fact in opposite directions; if the one may be designated sublimated spirit, the other assuredly is too substantial flesh. Such pictures, for example, as Mr. Holman Hunt's “Christ and the Doctors,” and Mr. Madox Brown's “Patriarch Jacob,” however admirable otherwise, are too near to common nature. The “Doctors” in the Temple, though picked up, we believe, in modern Jerusalem, might equally well have been taken from some of the Twelve Tribes that dwell in the Minorities. In aspect they have not the calling of prophecy, but only the trade of old clothes.

It must be admitted that some of our would-be religious painters treat nature with a familiarity which breeds contempt. Coleridge said that a picture ought to rise to an intermediate something between a thought and a thing. Mr. Herbert's “Moses” in the Houses of Parliament, and certain of the Legislators painted by Mr. Watts in Lincoln's Inn, may attain to the desired abstraction without loss of the required individuality and reality. The old painters, at any rate, had a faculty for drawing near to nature, while rising above her. Saints portrayed by the old masters are men, and something more; prophets and apostles standing in Italian pictures bear not the aspect of mere ordinary men or every-day acquaintances with whom we may shake hands and chat; they inspire awe rather than invite to familiarity, for they seem to have held converse with the skies. Yet it becomes a question worth the inquiry of those who may seek a style consonant with religion, how far this elevation of spirit which has been termed supernatural is beyond or contrary to nature. The better opinion would seem to be that the so-called supernatural or spiritual principle in art is but a higher aspect of nature, that the storehouse of creation contains materials more than sufficient for the artist, however transcendental may be his aim. Thus it would appear that the office of the painter is chiefly to select. Still something more nearly approaching to a mental function is needed than the “pre-Raffaellite” operation of penny-a-lining. What is mainly required is such study as shall lead to the clear understanding of nature's meaning, to the distinction between essentials and accidentals, to the discrimination of the difference between generic forms and individual detail. The subject is far too large to admit of elucidation within small compass. It may, however, be added that in these studies help may be found in Oersted's Essays which treat of the philosophy of nature; also in German authors who descend and dream on aesthetics; likewise in the discourses of Reynolds under the head of general ideas. The practical lesson to be learnt from such inquiries seems to be that the religious painter of the present day must do something more than copy the individual model before him. In London we knew a model who was accustomed to personate the Apostles, and we have encountered in the streets of a provincial town an old man who, following the calling of a common porter during the day, sat by night before the students of the Academy as St. Peter. And what was the result? Why, of course, the studies made were after all nothing better than the realistic figures painted by that Neapolitan school of Naturalists who mistook lazzaroni for Apostles. The English porter looked upon canvas the porter still, notwithstanding a beard worthy of St. Peter.

The preceding thoughts may be put into another form; thus it may be said that nature, before she takes her place in a religious composition, requires what artists in general call “treatment,” and what Reynolds signified by “style”—that is, a style and treatment in keeping with the subject-matter. We have seen how Phidias, a pagan, rose to religious expression; and, under a very different guise, Gothic carvers in our venerable cathedrals fashioned a true Christian art; they reached, through stiffness, solemnity; through restraint, a repose and dignity not far from religious. As usual, our modern revivalists seize defiantly on defects, and thus certain manifestations of religious art in the present day—for instance, painted windows and carved doorways to modern Gothic churches—though commendable in motive, are hard as petrifications, and lifeless as fossils of extinct species. The treatment which nature calls for at the hands of art may find illustration through literature, whether sacred or profane. In the transition, for instance, from prose to poetry, nature has to be thrown into artistic form; she has to be dressed for the occasion; the thoughts must be cast into rhythm and symmetry, and the stanza, when settled, encloses as it were the image within a frame. More express illustration may be found in the sphere of religious poetry, and especially in the poetic parts of the Bible. It is not easy to define, either here or in sacred art, wherein consists the religious style or treatment. Sometimes it may lie in a stately roll of periods, sometimes also in a certain severity of manner generally in simplicity, often in repose, and certainly usually in humility rather than in ostentation. Most easy however is it to tell, either in a written or a painted composition, when all goes right, and it is equally soon felt when anything is wrong; for even an inapt word or metaphor, or an ill-placed line, may at once break the spell, and sink what might otherwise be sublime into the ridiculous. The Psalms, Isaiah, the Book of Job, afford illustration, at least indirectly, of the treatment which religious art calls for. Even the translators of our Bible were religious artists in the best sense of the word; no such artists are now found to work on paper or on canvas.

We have already said that one reason why religious art in the nineteenth century has been a failure is that it does not belong to the century; that is, it ceases to reflect the Christianity by which men now live and die. It must be admitted indeed that some of the older phases of our faith were more pictorial than the present forms. There was a breadth, simplicity, picturesqueness, and, as it were, a colour of emotion, in early popular belief, which is now wanting. When teachers spake in parables, church walls were covered with sacred panoramas, for an artist can paint a parable, but not a creed. Still means of revival might possibly be found if, for example, as already indicated, art could assume somewhat of an ideal realism, if the characters portrayed could reach to high mental types, if the subjects chosen embodied the best thoughts current in the age; if, as in days of old, we could make our art a

thank-offering of what was rich and rare in our substance. At all events, any man possessing genius for the new work would doubtless find some new mode of utterance scarcely inferior to the old. For instance, the age of contemplation may be said to be now followed by a century of action; hence it might seem that religious art could with advantage exchange the retirement of the cloister for the bustle of the open world. Feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and other practical deeds of charity are the daily care of many Christian people; hence, instead of the literal Sermon on the Mount, artists might now exemplify its teachings in the portrayal of acts of mercy or endurance. Thus, in place of St. Lawrence on his gridiron, the public have shown inclination to accept the figure of the sentinel dying at his post with the burning house behind him. Painters wrongly suppose that religious art means a perpetual reproduction of Saints and Holy Families, whereas the subjects arising out of daily experience, and the hourly conflict of good with evil, are as manifold as religion is wide, and the sacred volume still contains themes suited to the painter, not yet touched or spoiled. In fact, an incident, however simple, will suffice, provided only the artist can suggest a higher meaning than appears on the surface, or in some way set the inner consciousness in motion, striving and soaring. Raffaele, after he had finished some fifty Madonnas, found, towards the end of life, still in reserve sublime subjects for his cartoons—works which, by action rather than contemplation, point to the religious art suited to our country and century. Yet the whole subject upon which we have ventured to throw out the preceding remarks is avowedly beset with difficulty. Not only are pictures abolished in our churches, but the printing-press, wood-engraving, and other like instruments of popular instruction have obviously done much to supersede the call for Biblical teaching through the medium of panoramic frescoes or otherwise. Still it must be accounted, as we have said, an anomaly that, while science is a power in our civilization, art has been merely played with as a pastime. And there would seem to be no reason why painting should not now once again teach wholesome truth to the simple, and hold high converse with the wise, if only artists would work in the right way.

#### OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACES.

THE existence of a certain amount of picturesque and romantic scenery in England cannot be said to be among "things not generally known." This, at least, is true as far as Englishmen are concerned, for no foreigner whom we ever met had any idea but that the whole of England resembled the view from Richmond Terrace or from Windsor Castle. If you talk to a German on the Rhine, the chances are that he remarks to you, "You have no scenery like this in England." If you demur, he proceeds to enlighten you:—"Scotland is mountainous; but England is a flat, fertile country." Nor have we ever succeeded in convincing a foreigner that there are mountains in England a good deal bigger than any within many miles of Coblenz or Bingen. The testimony of another has no chance against a man's own axioms and first principles.

However, Englishmen, naturally enough, are not in this state of utter darkness as to their own country. Still it has befallen us, in the course of many walks through England and Wales, to hit upon many places of the highest beauty, wholly unvisited by tourists, and some even of which no one whom we ever met had so much as heard the name. For instance, how many of our readers can tell us off-hand where the Forest of Esgob is? The name has a sort of Jewish sound about it, and a person not knowing it to be in these islands might conjecture it to be in Palestine. However, it is not in Palestine, but in South Wales. It is a wild tract of country, lying at the point where the counties of Brecknockshire, Cardiganshire, and Caermarthenshire meet; some half dozen or more streams take their rise in it, and flowing through deep rocky gorges that expand as they proceed into thickly wooded though narrow valleys, at last unite to form the Towy, one of the most charming of rivers, and one whose lower course by Llandovery and Grongar Hill is not altogether unknown. But into these upper valleys scarcely even the solitary tourist or fisherman makes way; nor is there any village; a few huts at intervals of as many miles, and a small chapel, called Ystradfin, are the only buildings. From Ystradfin a path over the hills leads to the small watering-place of Llanwrtd in Brecknockshire, six or seven miles off; down the valley a rough road leads to Llandovery, more than double the distance. On all other sides the place is severed from civilized life by huge desolate moors, covered with peat and long coarse grass. The few inhabitants speak only Welsh; and many of them live in the most squalid manner, in windowless cottages, where the only light comes down the chimney, and where the peat smoke fills the room and makes the eyes smart. Yet other of the houses are even scrupulously neat and clean. From this description it will be seen that it is rather a rough country for tourists; but in point of picturesqueness it stands very high. Near Ystradfin are two or three conical hills, that slope down to the river, with precipitous crags and boulders of black stone; the bank on the other side is similar, and equally fine; in the ravine between the two the Towy rushes foaming down a steep descent, at the bottom of which it meets one of its tributaries, the Pysgotwr. The valley of the Pysgotwr is very woody, and has bold hills on either side.

Llanwrtd, again, is itself a very pretty place, and is now

accessible by railway from Balth. The mountain valley above the wells has many of the characteristics of that of the Towy, but it is on the whole less remarkable. Yet it is well worth exploring; as also is Cwm Elan, through which flows a tributary of the Wye, some miles to the north. All these valleys have a romantic and solitary character; they are cut out of the same piece of lofty tableland, a part of the mountainous rim of Cardiganshire, of which Plinlimmon is the culminating point; and while the higher summits are deficient in character, the slopes are grander and more varied in outline than those which descend upon the ordinary limestone dales of England, in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, or Somersetshire. Very different from any of these is the great valley of the Usk, that runs up by Brecon into the heart of South Wales. This is much better known than any of those that we have hitherto been describing. It is a fertile inhabited valley, generally broad and with plenty of woods, and with a river that ripples and tumbles over stony ledges, but with less of a rocky character than the upper glens of the Towy. One of the finest parts of it is six miles below Brecon, where the valley contracts into a gorge, the wooded sides of which rise to an extraordinary height. The coach road avoids this, and goes some distance round over the hills. But that which distinguishes the Usk valley is the range of wild moorland to the south, in which are the highest summits, and almost the only true mountains, of South Wales, the Brecknockshire Beacons. These, as seen from Brecon itself, have a very fine outline, and near their summit are some grand ravines. Like the whole range, they are composed of the old red sandstone, which has been an extraordinary thickness—not less than 10,000 feet. They descend abruptly to the north, but on the south slope down gently to the upper waters of the Neath, where, near Pontneddychan, are the well-known waterfalls of the Hepste, the Mellt, and the Puddlin. Here we enter upon the great coal district of Glamorganshire, whose thousand furnaces have to a great extent spoiled the picturesqueness of its valleys.

It must not be supposed that South Wales is in any part equal to the grandest scenery of North Wales. It has but few isolated peaks, and those which there are cannot be compared with Snowdon, or the Glyders. But it has what with many people will be esteemed an advantage—namely, that it is not a tourist-visited country. The traveller in it feels something of the pleasure of a discoverer; he can look down upon a valley without the sense that it has been looked upon by thousands of tourists before him, and painted in a hundred academies and exhibitions. And, to say the truth, our feelings towards North Wales, and especially towards certain portions of it, much resemble those of the countryman towards Aristides. We are tired of seeing Bettwscoed, and Snowdon, and the Lledr valley with Moel Siabod at the end of it, each and all of which reappear some twenty times in every year's Exhibitions. We speak with due humility; but is it not rather a proof of a want of adventure or originality in our painters, that they should always haunt the same places, and no others? For instance, the valley of Festiniog lies but a short day's walk from Bettwscoed, and to our mind is decidedly superior to it. We know nothing anywhere finer than the view from the village, looking towards the great crags and peaks of Moel Wyn, with the sea stretching up behind towards the rocky promontories of Carnarvonshire, while in front of the spectator and three or four hundred feet below him lies the level valley, terminating in its two wooded ravines of unseen depth. Yet we never remember to have seen it painted. Nor have we ever seen painted that uninhabited limestone glen which runs up from Maentwrog into the Harlech mountains; a glen partly inaccessible from the steepness of its rocks, and only to be peered into from above; but in its upper part opening out into three wooded hollows, luxuriant with trees, from the banks of which the eye commands a full view of the northern mountains. As to the English lakes, it is our belief that the Lledr valley alone is visited by more painters in the course of the summer than the whole of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Yet surely the Lledr valley is not equal to Borrowdale or Langdale.

But to come to another part of England. Herefordshire is not a county which many people would choose for a walking tour; and, in point of fact, its scenery is in most respects of a secondary character. It is rich and cultivated; passing through it by rail in the spring time, you seem to be travelling over a sea of apple-blossoms. But in one respect Herefordshire is scarcely surpassed by any county, and that is in the extent and variety of its distant views. Take, for instance, that cluster of hills called the Woolhope basin, on the banks of the Wye, some six miles south of Hereford. This is a circular group enclosing a tumbled interior of hill and dale; the highest points of it are eight or nine hundred feet above the sea level; there are but three narrow openings through which its waters find an exit. Backbury Hill is the nearest point of the group to Hereford, and one of the finest views is obtainable from it. In the centre is Hereford, conspicuous by its cathedral; round this lies a level plain, through which flows the Wye, glittering in more than one of its sinuous bends; round the plain rise woody hills, and beyond these other hills, till the horizon is bounded by the black mountains of Wales. To the north again are the Shropshire ridges. Here and there these distant ranges open out and disclose the valleys that penetrate their far recesses. To the north-east a glimpse is caught of the Malvern hills; moving along the ridge these come into full view, and with them a vast extent of Worcestershire and Gloucestershire.

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And a subject of attention in Shropshire hills—as, and the little there can compare in Shropshire more of Not that shire; an able; but Nothing of old and Severn of English of Wensley the busy bridge; and street demands and for the north great Alp

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Herefordshire, far as the eye can see. All this time Woolhope basin lies behind the spectator; by no means an uninteresting tract, rough and wild, and mostly covered with small firs. Other of the Herefordshire hills command prospects scarcely inferior to that from Backbury. In all of them the stern wall of the Black mountains is conspicuous, and this appears higher and bolder the more the Welsh frontier is approached.

And as Wales and its border counties have been the principal subject of this article, let us finish by recommending to the attention of tourists another of these counties—Shropshire. Shropshire has a bolder character than Herefordshire; some of its hills—as, for example, the Wrekin, Caer Caradoc, the Stiperstones, and the Clee Hill—are remarkably fine. Still, even here there is little that can be called distinctively romantic—nothing that can compare with the Wharfe or the Dove. The strength of Shropshire, as of Herefordshire, lies in its broad prospects; only in Shropshire these range over a wilder country, comprehending more of rugged moorland, and less of fertility and luxuriance. Not that there is any want of plain country in the north of Shropshire; and even in the south the woods are abundant and noticeable; but these are more frequently interrupted by barer summits. Nothing is more interesting in Shropshire than the close proximity of old and decaying to new and thriving towns. Descending the Severn you have—first, Shrewsbury, one of the most picturesque of English towns; after this, a pastoral country, with the abbeys of Wenlock and Buildwas, suddenly and strangely interrupted by the busy, dirty, manufacturing region of Coalbrookdale and Ironbridge; while lower down again is Bridgenorth, with its old gates and streets that breathe of idleness. Of other places, Ludlow demands special attention, both for its own beauty, for its castle, and for the memory of Milton. We have seen the Clee Hill to the north of this town covered with snow, and looking like a great Alp.

#### THE ST. LEGER.

THE St. Leger has been celebrated for its surprises, but hitherto the most startling of them have usually taken place in the race itself. This year all the surprises came before the day, and by accidents and withdrawals the contest gradually dwindled away into comparative insignificance. The chances of racing are many, and much that has happened during this summer might provoke only passing astonishment; but the crowning surprise, the withdrawal of The Earl a week before the race, has naturally created a more abiding feeling of wonder. It is scarcely necessary to say that, by all public running, Blue Gown and The Earl were manifestly 10 lbs. better than any other horse of their year, and, the Derby winner not being entered in the St. Leger, the latter race appeared to be at the mercy of The Earl. The Earl was not permitted to start for the Derby, but he won every subsequent race in which he ran with consummate ease; and the confidence of his supporters for the great Doncaster event, if limited in respect to those who had the management of him, was unlimited in respect of the horse himself. When last seen in public his appearance satisfied the most critical judges, and he looked about the last horse in England likely to break down. All went on well till a few weeks ago, when disagreeable rumours began to be spread about. One authority expressed the belief that The Earl would be two hundred miles from Doncaster on the St. Leger day, and simultaneously there was a commencement of market operations against him that betokened no good. Yet a few days more, and the pen was put through his name; and some time afterwards a certificate was published, signed by Mr. Maror, the well-known veterinary surgeon, announcing that he had examined The Earl, and had found him lame from a strain of the suspensory ligament of his near fore-leg. It would be more satisfactory to know the precise time when the injury was first discovered, and the reasons for the display of so much hostility to the horse at a time when his trainer declared him to be perfectly well. There are indications of a desire on the part of influential racing men to make a strict investigation into the circumstances connected with the withdrawal of The Earl from the two great three-year-old races; and it is to be hoped that explicit and satisfactory information will be forthcoming from those to whose management he has been entrusted.

So much for The Earl, one of the grandest looking race-horses that ever trod the turf. Hacked about as a two-year-old, and deprived of his opportunities as a three-year-old, he has been robbed of the honours that he might have successfully achieved. The next most important absentees from the St. Leger were Sir Joseph Hawley's three. The proverb says that it is a good thing to have two strings to your bow; but it would appear that it is a very bad thing to have three—in racing, at any rate. Blue Gown, Rosicrucian, and Green Sleeve have been a sore trouble to their owner, who never seems to have been able to make up his mind as to their respective merits. Thus it has happened that, as in the Two Thousand, the one of the three who must have won was shelved in favour of the other two who could not win, and, as in the Derby, that when the best one did win, his victory was barely acceptable to his owner. So in the St. Leger. Blue Gown was not entered, and Rosicrucian and Green Sleeve have proved unable to stand the work of training, and were struck out in due course. Equally has Baron Rothschild been bewildered by the conflicting claims of his three—Suffolk, Restitution, and King Alfred. The extraordinary in-and-out running of these horses is duly recorded in the pages of the Calendar;

and we need only mention that even the result of the Derby, in which King Alfred was second, scarcely sufficed to convince the stable that Suffolk was not the best of the three. After the withdrawal of The Earl, the chance of King Alfred for the St. Leger would have been second to none; but, by a singular fatality, something happened to one of his legs also, just at the critical time, and he had to be eased in his work. Though it was found possible to bring him round so far that he could recommence galloping a few days before the race, yet the St. Leger is scarcely a prize to fall to a big horse, short of work, and burdened with a suspicious leg. It having also been found impossible to train Lord Glasgow's Tom Bowline colt, another formidable competitor was removed. In the end, and from the various causes we have mentioned, the race was left to the most moderate field that has ever been seen in modern times on the Town Moor. The twelve starters were See-Saw, The Spy, St. Ronan, Paul Jones, Formosa, Virtue, Orion, King Alfred, Mercury, Typhoeus, Viscount, and the colt by Buccaneer out of Viscountess. See-Saw is a fair public performer, but we do not believe that he has ever recovered from the senseless and inhuman way in which he was run off his legs last year. Viscount, who was last in the Derby, and who declined the Chester Cup with 5 st. 7 lbs., has sprung into notice since, from his victories at York. Typhoeus is a reclaimed cripple, and the public form of King Alfred and Formosa is far superior to that of any of the others. The King appeared to walk very tenderly, but he galloped with great power, though his action was the same as ever, high and fighting. Formosa, who might justly be called Formosissima, answered well to her name. Beautiful in colour, in shape, in condition, in action, she moved over the turf with a light springy tread. Viscount also looked in first-rate condition, but he is short and common-looking, and with much less quality than his stable companion The Spy. Orion was not half prepared, but Paul Jones looked very fit. After taking their canter they paraded as usual before the Stand, and then, after one or two false starts, the flag fell. The Spy made the running at a very good pace for more than a mile, and Orion kept him company as long as could be expected, considering his want of condition. The Spy was of course endeavouring to serve his companion Viscount, but the latter was quite outpaced all through, and never once got to a front place. King Alfred also seemed outpaced, and though he made up a great deal of ground between the Red House and the turn into the straight, he could not maintain his advantage, but died away immediately afterwards, just as a horse would who was short of work. The green jacket of Typhoeus disappeared from the front ranks at the end of a mile, and See-Saw was beaten at the turn into the straight. There Paul Jones and Mercury had a clear advantage, and they came up the straight side by side. At the distance Mercury began to give way, and loud shouts were raised in favour of Paul Jones. But now Formosa, who had in no part of the race been pushed into the front—Challoner no doubt thinking that in such a moderate field the leading horses were sure to come back to his mare—was most delicately and artistically brought up, and, served by her splendid condition and superior speed, she passed the leading pair without difficulty, and won easily by a couple of lengths. Mercury was a good third, and See-Saw an indifferent fourth. Thus the stock of Buccaneer ran first, second, and fourth in the St. Leger of 1868, and that expatriated sire is pretty certain to be first on the list of winning stallions for the year. Thus also has Formosa won the triple event, One Thousand, Oaks, and St. Leger, in addition to having run a dead heat for the Two Thousand. But, easily as her latest victory was accomplished, we must not forget the moderate quality of the horses behind her, or the good luck experienced in meeting King Alfred when he was out of form and incompletely prepared. The forward positions obtained by Paul Jones and Mercury prove the second-class character of the company; for where would they have been if Blue Gown and The Earl had run? And where would Formosa herself have been? At best she would have been a very bad third; and therefore we are justified in saying that the St. Leger of 1868 will be long memorable for the ragged field that ran in it. Formosa has had the good fortune to avoid meeting Blue Gown, Speculum, and even Moslem, none of whom were entered for the great Yorkshire prize; and she has been fortunate in the fates which have overthrown such stout opponents as The Earl, the Tom Bowline colt, and Rosicrucian. Such an additional piece of good fortune as finding King Alfred, the only horse left who was likely to stretch her neck, *hors de combat*, was scarcely to be expected. It never rains, however, but it pours. Formosa is a great beauty, and, unlike some great beauties, she is wonderfully lucky.

#### REVIEWS.

##### RUSSIAN CHURCH RITES AND CUSTOMS.\*

MISS YONGE introduces to our notice this volume of sketches, which are intended to illustrate Russian everyday life in the provinces as influenced and coloured by the spirit and usages of the Church. The writer is an English lady, married to a Russian officer, and she professes to draw her expe-

\* *Sketches of the Rites and Customs of the Greco-Russian Church.* By H. C. Romanoff. London: Rivingtons. 1868.

rience from the more distant parts of the Empire, and from what, for want of a better mode of description, we may call the middle-class of Russian society—below the high nobility, and above the peasantry and the traders. This class, recruited both from above and below, contains, as it does elsewhere, the professional men, the smaller proprietors, the more educated portion of the clergy, and the mass of the official class, civil and military. It seems to have its full share of intelligence, knowledge, and refinement, and, with habits of modesty and economy, to have found the way to much sensible enjoyment of life. It is this class which is here described as in a considerable degree under the discipline of the Orthodox Eastern Church, and still more under the dominion of the associations connected with its elaborate and exacting ritual. The object of the book seems to be to exhibit the ritual actually in operation, and to interpret its meaning and its feeling; and this is partly done by a series of stories or scenes showing how it touches on real life, and is interwoven with its incidents and emergencies.

The book has the disadvantages of all such sketches *à volonté*, professing to enlarge and animate our knowledge of a certain state of facts. They may be perfectly true, and yet really tell us little or nothing. For who is to satisfy us whether they are really representative sketches; how far the people described are fair specimens of their class, or are only those who have fallen under the notice and caught the sympathies and interest of the writer, who in the meanwhile has been blind to, or wholly neglected, other large and perhaps more important departments of the subject? Miss Yonge, in her introduction, says that "what the religion of these Russians is, and how it is carried into their lives," may be gathered from this collection of accounts. It is a picture, she goes on to say, of this people as they really are, in both family and religious life; and she hopes that these descriptions may be found of value to persons not capable of a theological study of the Greek Church, and that "even those scholars who can examine into its documents may be glad to have an opportunity of seeing what is its external work and its influence among the people." It is just on such a point as this that it seems to us that they would be very unsafe, at any rate very imperfect, materials for building up any very general or important inferences. Take them for what they are as they stand, and they are curious and interesting, and put in a lively shape what is new to many of us. But it certainly does not strike us that it would be prudent to conclude too much from them, either as to Russian middle-class society, or the influence of the Church upon it. We cannot doubt that there are many other sides to the subject, which are not so much as hinted at here.

But, taking them as far as they go, they throw light, and on the whole a pleasing light, on what to most of us is a mere dull blank, a hard and dreary one too—the interior of Russia. In opposition to the common notion, which only conceives of the people as dull, coarse bores, and their religion as the very extreme of unintelligent and burdensome ceremonial, the picture here given shows us lively and quick-witted men and women, with the shades and mixtures of character with which modern novel-writing has made us familiar; and it shows these persons taking most kindly and naturally to their curiously elaborate and minute ritual as it comes as a matter of course into all their concerns, associated from its ancient and customary character with all their joys and sorrows, their loves and hopes, and allying itself to them all with singular flexibility, and, in spite of an excessive amount of external symbolism and action, with much delicacy and appropriateness of pathetic and touching expression. The subject is made the most of by an observant and sympathetic reporter, who describes customs and ceremonies with the most elaborate and grave exactness, the fruit of a genuine liking for Russian character and a general approval of Russian ways, which does not exclude a perception of the extremely odd side which they sometimes display, and an occasional arch expression of amusement, though it leaves little room or taste for criticism.

People who think that they see in a Ritualist or a Roman Catholic service the *ne plus ultra* of minute ceremony and symbolism have much to learn. There is, no doubt, a considerable interval between the rules and forms of the Roman rite and those of the Anglican; but the distance between them is inconsiderable compared with that between the Roman rite and the Russian. The number, frequency, length, and complexity of the various services described in this book as forming part of the ordinary external worship familiar to Russians of all classes, are something overwhelming. It almost makes a reader's head swim to think of all that a Russian ecclesiastic must have to remember and arrange and go through in the common course of his work in ministering to the daily occasions and emergencies of his flock. The writer gives an account of the manner of administering baptism, which she prefaces, we may observe, for the benefit we suppose of lady readers, with a very full description of the peculiar customs of the Russian nursery as to dressing, washing, and otherwise managing babies. The child is first named, with a special service, when it is about a day old, the name being taken from the Calendar; in the ordinary course, from the saint on whose day it was born. Thus it gets its name and a certain religious consecration, before it is baptized. The baptism includes five distinct ceremonies. The Russian taste inclines, where it is possible, to domestic services; and baptism, like marriage, is usually performed, with the higher ranks, at home instead of in church; but the font is brought from the church. The service is of course very elaborate, full of antique

symbols dating from very early times, and preserved unaltered amid universal change. The parents of the child retire when the proper office of baptism begins. An invariable custom, based, it is supposed, on the idea that they give up the child to its sponsors, and coming down from the days when the parents were heathen, excludes them from being present. This usage, we are told, "is *de rigueur*;" even in the Court ceremonials, published in the newspapers, of the Imperial christenings, a clause is always inserted:—*Note*—His Imperial Majesty (or Highness) will then leave the chapel for an inner apartment." Baptism is by immersion, and is thus described:—

The Priest now rolls up his sleeves above the elbows, the Reader holding back the wide sleeves of his chasuble; dexterously seizing the babe, he plunges it with astonishing rapidity into the water, completely immersing it three times with the words, "The servant of God, Alexis, is baptized in the Name of the Father, Amen, of the Son, Amen, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." And it is at the mention of the three names that each immersion takes place. He stops its ears with his thumb and little finger, its eyes with the fourth and fore fingers of the right hand, and with his palm he covers its mouth and nostrils; with his left hand he holds its body and plunges it face downward. It is not every priest that has the knack of performing this difficult task well. I have heard that little innocents have been known (though this is a rare occurrence) to be drowned at the very moment that they were made Christians; I should suppose, however, that they must have been very weakly, perhaps in a dying state, as a priest would hardly undertake the task unless he felt himself competent.

This is followed by "putting on the cross," and then, immediately, by what answers to Western confirmation, the sacrament of unction. The service at present concludes with a ceremony which has become joined on to it, from the tendency to accumulate separate rites that even the conservative Eastern Church cannot entirely resist, but which used to belong to the eighth day after the baptism:—

The ceremony of shaving the hair used formerly to be performed on the eighth day after baptism, when the shirt was taken off. It begins with two prayers. . . . after which the Priest takes a small wet sponge, and wipes the places anointed, saying, "Thou art baptized, thou art sanctified, thou art anointed with oil, thou art purified, thou art washed, in the name of the Father," &c. The little Christian having nothing of its own to offer to its maker but the hair of its head, the first "sacrifice" is made by shearing it. In ancient times servants were shorn in token that they must fulfil the will of another; thus, the cutting of an infant's hair indicates that the newly-made Christian should henceforth be servant to the will of Christ, from whom he has received so many gifts of grace. The hair is snipped off in four different places with a small pair of scissors, thus forming a cross, the Priest saying, "The servant of God, Alexis, is shorn in the Name" &c. The godfather collects the morsels of down, and, pinching them up with a bit of wax from his taper, throws it into the font; this is done merely to insure that the hair may, with the water, be thrown into a place where no impurity can reach it, and no foot tread on it. If the little pellet sinks, it is considered a sign that the child will soon die.

Finally, some forty days after its birth, the child, when the mother first goes to church, is taken there also, and receives the Communion. What strikes us in reading the account of these rites is the contrast between the words and prayers, which are for the most part natural, earnest, and touching, and the strange accumulation and prominence of action and formal gesture, meant of course to be symbolical and significant. But, when the ceremony is performed *en masse*, the predominance of gesture and outward representation extinguishes all that the words might do to appeal to the mind and heart, and rises to a degree of quaintness which the gravity of even a warm admirer of Russian usages cannot resist:—

Such is the baptismal service of the Greco-Russian Church, be it performed at home or in church; in the latter instance it generally presents a scene at once strange and amusing, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, especially if the parish is a large one. Nearly everywhere in large country towns the market takes place on Saturday, but it generally extends to Sunday at noon, and the greatest concourse of peasants is to be met with early on the Sabbath morning. The opportunity of killing two birds with one stone—i.e. getting the baby christened, and going to market either to buy or sell, brings sponsors almost exclusively on Sunday to town, and after mass as many as forty or fifty infants are brought by their *baboushkas* (nurses), who seat themselves on a bench in the church, near the western door, or, if space be wanting, on the floor, while mass is going on. The cries of the babies and the consolations offered by the *baboushkas* do not at all interfere with the due celebration of mass, nor the preaching of the sermon; and on its conclusion, after all the private *molitvens* (services) have been performed, a row of workmen's wives and country women chanted, and perhaps during the finishing of the burial service over the corpse of some poor villager, the font is brought out of its corner and placed in the middle of the church before the "Royal Gates." The Readers busy themselves in arranging the sponsors in a three-quarters circle round the font, an open space being left between it and the royal gates, so that no one stands with their back towards them. They stand in pairs, each with their particular godchild and its *baboushka* behind them. One name for all the boys, who are placed on one side, and one for all the girls, who are on the other, are selected from the Calendar, according to the date of the Sunday, without any previous consultation with the sponsors as to whether the baby has a brother or sister of the same name, and consequently it frequently happens that there are several Johns, Peters, and Proscovias in one family. A sharp sponsor or *baboushka*, however, takes care to inquire what names are to be given, and begs, if they are already in the family, that another may be substituted. It is impossible to repress a smile when the blessing time comes, to see the Priest moving from group to group, and puffing, with pursed-up lips, on each infant's face; one hundred and twenty distinct times must he blow on the babies alone (not to speak of the water and the devil) if there be but forty children. The rapidity and dexterity with which the immersions are performed, the exact similarity of expression in each cry, and of the position of the arms on emerging from the water, where it is held for an instant towards the East, is also very striking. A healthy child always throws its head back, gasping; its eyes and mouth are open, its arms unconsciously extended to the East, and it cries loudly, immediately that it recovers its little breath. A weakly babe hangs its head and limbs in silence, and lacks the almost intelligent struggle that marks the vigorous infant.

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Theories which imply rigorous and inflexible uniformity in ecclesiastical ideas and usages, and which would found imperative laws for any important part of external worship on this assumption, receive a rude shock when they are taken out of the particular set of facts among which they have grown up, and are brought into comparison with a wider and more remote, but equally authentic, experience. The Eastern Church is at least as much animated by the ecclesiastical spirit as the Western; its reverence for antiquity, its value for rites, the importance set on strict adherence to ritual punctuality and correctness, are as great. Yet, while the main ideas and outline of rites are the same as in the West, nothing can be greater than the complete variation and contrast in the Eastern and Western ways of carrying out these ideas. Take, for instance, the altar of a church. The Roman Church has a well-established and exact system of rules relating to it—its form, its position, its materials, its consecration, its use, and so on—and these rules are sometimes spoken of as if in substance they fully represented the old Church law and usage. But in the Eastern Church you come upon a set of arrangements equally elaborate, equally claiming, and it is obvious with equal justice, a high antiquity, enforced with equal exactness, yet perfectly different, and presenting as great a contrast to the Western Catholic "altar" as to the simple Protestant "communion-table." The isolation, the complete seclusion, the closed doors behind which the celebration and consecration are performed, are in themselves in singular opposition to Western usage of any kind; but there are other curious differences. What is called "the altar" in a Russian church is not a construction of wood or stone, but a space. "The space behind the screen is called the altar, and it occupies about the eighth of the length of the entire building." This "altar" space contains not one, but two tables, both connected with the Eucharistic rite. One, answering to the Western altar, standing in the middle, is called "the Throne":—

In the "Altar," immediately before the Royal Gates, stands a square table which is called the *Throne*, and which is the altar in fact. On it are placed the Gospels, an immense volume richly bound in velvet, or silver-gilt plates, and ornamented with enamel medallions of the Saviour and the Evangelists; a gold or gilt cross for the congregation to kiss; a sort of tiny catafalque with a little box in it for the Holy Elements; and a silk handkerchief in which is carefully wrapped the *Antimins*. Beneath the Throne there is frequently a little box containing a portion of relics, in allusion to the passage in Revel. vi. 9. This, however, is only in cases when the Archbishop himself consecrates the church in person and not by deputy. As I have before remarked, the Greco-Russian services are full of allusions and similitudes, which often seem very far-fetched, and are sometimes rather incomprehensible. To impart an idea of these symbols, I will mention a few of the inward and spiritual meanings of the last-named appurtenance to the altar. And first, the table itself represents various incidents connected with Jesus Christ—for instance, the Throne of the Almighty, Christ being one with the Father; the Table of the Lord's Supper; the Cross; the Sepulchre; but I think attention is drawn to it more in the last point of view than in the others. It has several coverings; the first, a white linen one, is made in the form of a cross, the four ends hanging down, and covering the legs of the Throne to the very floor, and is in remembrance of the "linen clothes" left by the Saviour in his tomb on Easter morning. Another covering of the same fashion, but of richer material, is called the *Judith*, and represents "the glory of God." It is always as magnificent as means will allow. The third article is the *Iliton*; it is the handkerchief before mentioned, and reminds us of the "napkin" which bound the head of our Lord, and which the Apostles, Peter and John, found "wrapped in a place by itself." It is always in a folded state, except at the time of the celebration of the Holy Sacrament, when it is spread out on the Altar, with the *Antimins* uppermost.

But besides "the Throne," there is another table in "the Altar," at the north side, called the "Altar of Sacrifice," and on this are the sacred vessels and other things, of which there are many, requisite for the celebration of the Eucharist. Name and use, belonging to one altar in the West, are divided between two in the East. There is, further, another curious peculiarity in the Russian arrangement. In the Roman ritual representing the old Western use the personal consecration of the altar is indispensable to fit it for its purpose. It must be of stone, though it need be nothing but a small portable slab; it is to have the five crosses which every one is familiar with; but, above all, it must have received due consecration from the Bishop. So personal consecration is required for the church also. All this in Russia is replaced by the presence of a single token of consecration, which is described in the following paragraph:—

The *Antimins*, which is always kept wrapped up in the *Iliton*, is a small piece of silk or linen material about fifteen inches square, with a picture stamped upon it, representing the burial of Christ by Joseph of Arimathea and the Holy Women. At the four corners are the busts of the Evangelists. Above and below is an inscription that it was in very deed consecrated by the Archbishop of the diocese, and that, through it, his blessing is conveyed to the whole building. A minute portion of relics, anointed with holy oil, is secured in a tiny bag or pocket, and sown on that side of the *Antimins* which is turned to the East. Without an *Antimins* no church in Russia can exist; it cannot be consecrated without one, and, until it is consecrated, mass cannot be performed.

And it can be conveyed from the Archbishop, without his coming to the church at all. Here, it is plain, the idea and feeling of consecration are in substance the same, and are as clear and energetic, in the East and West. But the modes of embodying the idea are as curiously different as we can well conceive. Writers on Ritual who find the "law of the Church" in the Western usages as they have come down from the middle ages should at least draw their inferences from a wider range of facts, and not take a part for the whole. The English Article speaks the language of common sense when it says that "it is not necessary that traditions and ceremonies be in all places one and utterly like; for at all times they have been

divers, and may be changed according to the diversities of countries, times, and men's manners."

There is a curious chapter on "Confession and Communion." It appears that "the generality of Russians receive the Sacrament, and confess once a year during the great Fast; but some go twice." This is an unexpected statement about people among whom ecclesiastical traditions and ideas are so powerful. But, on the other hand, for this annual communion the preparation is prolonged and severe. It includes confession, performed in the church, but without the confessional, and face to face with the priest. As elsewhere, there are strict and indulgent confessors; apparently there is not that minute and systematic application of casuistry which is supposed to prevail in the Roman administration of penance; but the examination is said to be a *bona fide* one; and the writer quotes a number of ancient canons, about which we should like to know, but are not told, whether they are really in vigour, or what compensations they admit. When, for instance, we have a canon which pronounces that for killing in battle a man is forbidden the Lord's Table for three years, and again, that if robbers come to steal property, and the owner, instead of running away, kills them, he is to be excluded for twenty years, we ought to have been told whether these canons are really supposed to be in force, and how they are dealt with when the case arises. The devotions which accompany this preparation require early rising and rigorous fasting, and they are long and fatiguing:—

On Tuesdays and Fridays, after vespers, a Deacon or Priest reads aloud on the *Amvon*, for those who intend to communicate the following day, an address or exhortation, interspersed with psalms, ejaculations, and reflections; it is called "The Rules," and it is immensely long. After the hearing of these "Rules," no food whatever ought to be taken until after the receiving of the Holy Eucharist. Confession generally takes place after vespers on the eve of Communion, but, occasionally, the same day after matins.

On the Friday evening, our absolved penitents go to the bath, curl their hair, if they be little girls, and prepare their costumes for the morrow; go to bed early, and on returning from matins the next morning they dress in their best—though not in ball costume. Officers, Government *employés*, soldiers, in fact all who wear uniform, appear in full dress, but without swords or sabres. Ladies—by this I mean married women—wear their handsomest silk dress, a lace shawl or pretty mantle, and a cap with ribbons, not flowers. Young girls and newly-married ladies put on white muslin dresses, and adorn themselves as for a little party; they like, as a rule, to have a new dress for the occasion. Most old ladies array themselves in the clothes they intend to be buried in, with the addition of a shawl or mantle, and a cap made for a living creature and not for a corpse. I shall never forget the appearance of some ten or a dozen very aged women of the workmen class, who approached the altar steps in a body, in a retired manufacturing town in the Government of Irem. They had on long white homespun linen shirts and sarafans, or petticoats, their legs wrapped round with very narrow towelling, and plaited bark shoes on their feet. Their heads were enveloped in immensely long towels, arranged on the forehead, so as to nearly hide the eyebrows, folded square-wise down the cheeks, crossed under the chin, and the ends flowing down the back. The effect of this ghostly array, with the yellow, wrinkled faces of the wearers, is literally more "easily to be imagined than described." Before they leave home, they kiss everybody, servants and all, in token of charity and good-will.

At the conclusion of the service they come home to rest, as from a great effort:—

The rest of the family meet our communicants in the lobby with congratulations; they have hardly time to reach the tea room, when the maid appears with a tray full of cups of hot coffee, thick almond milk, and krindies, or little sweet buns. They dine early, and generally lie down on the sofa, or outside the bed, to rest for an hour or two before vespers, for the services are really very fatiguing, and they have been obliged to rise so early for the few previous days. They go, however, to vespers, and to mass the next day. The evening is passed in privacy, but not in a strictly devotional manner.

The Government—which has its hand everywhere, and claims the control of everything, and carries its forethought for its subjects so far as to provide in every town or Government establishment of importance those useful personages called "monthly nurses"—is said here to carry its requirements into the matter of confession and communion. No one of any religion, we are told, is allowed to marry without having communicated during the year past. Considering what elements are found in the great Russian hierarchy of civil and military servants, the effect of the rule, if it is really enforced, must be a very obvious one. If the Government requires all its servants to communicate once a year, it does not seem difficult to account for the fact that most Russians communicate only once a year:—

Government proves its solicitude for its servants by rendering yearly confession almost obligatory, and an officer who neglects it for more than one year is fined by a certain deduction from his pay. Soldiers and sailors, Government workmen, and the pupils of public schools and academies, from all ranks of society, are sent or brought to confession and communion regularly every year. The marriage ceremony cannot be performed if either of the parties have not attended the Sacrament during the past year, be he an orthodox Greco-Russian, Lutheran, Catholic, or Anglican.

We are all of us apt to take the colour of the society in which we live, and use seems to have made a sensible and religious Englishwoman content to look at things which shock us in England, with Russian appreciation of their plausible motives and blindness to their inevitable bad results. But, with all allowance for the effects of habit, it is difficult not to be surprised at the enthusiasm with which this writer describes, under the title of "adult unction," the odious political farce in which the Princess Dagmar was made to go through the solemn abjuration of her Lutheran religion, and profess herself a convert to the Greek Church. The office, with all its prayers and professions, is given in full, and is a very striking one. It is very solemn, the expression of deep conviction on the

part of the convert, and of sympathy and encouragement on the part of the priest who receives the convert. If a person is convinced that he must fly from Lutheranism as a deadly error, and take refuge in the Greek Church as the only way of salvation, language more expressive of the natural feelings of men under such circumstances could not be found. But when such language is put into the mouth of a young lady who gives up Lutheranism only that she may marry the heir of All the Russias, and who cannot be supposed to have any very lively interest in theology, or to be doing more than performing her part in a grand State pageant, the use of such an office, if it have any meaning at all, can only be looked upon as a profanation of it; and though we may pardon emperors and courtiers blinding themselves to the real character of what to them is a necessity, we see no reason why an English lady, writing for English readers, should go into raptures over so miserable an exhibition of the sacrifice of all that is most sacred in human character to the demands of State policy. She writes as if she were describing the success and triumphs of the last new actress:—

The exquisite clearness and perfection with which she pronounced the Confession of Faith before the Holy Elements were administered to her, as well as the answers and professions in the office of Conversion, struck all present with delight and astonishment; it was listened to with breathless interest; and in another second the neighbouring apartment and halls echoed with the eagerly given and received information of the Imperial bride's acquirements.

The Emperor, too, seems to have been equally delighted; for while the Grand Duke and Duchess were receiving the congratulations of the clergy, he was pleased to call aside the Priest who was entrusted with the Princess Dagmar's religious instruction, and thanked him in the warmest terms for the excellent manner in which he had performed his task.

But one less in love with "Holy Russia," and less blind to her faults, would have failed, perhaps, to convey so lively and sympathetic a picture as this writer presents. We may pardon her being dazzled with the imposing majesty of the great and semi-barbarous Empire, for the sake of the vivid and curious disclosures which she makes of its subjects and their ways; so strange an instance of a quick and shrewd people, with keen minds and warm affections, moving resolutely and inflexibly in the most ancient of grooves. We conclude with a singular account of the Russian ceremony of adoption, which is encompassed with numberless formalities, civil and religious. After the civil difficulties were overcome, the religious ceremony had to be thought of:—

The sanction of the Emperor had been obtained: it remained now to acknowledge the adopted son publicly, and to ask the blessing of the Almighty on this new relationship by the *molieben* [or service] used on adoption. Antisa Fomishna, with the deep religious feeling of her class, with her Slavonic lore and worldly experience, had excited the imaginations of Grousha and her husband during the difficulties that arose about the child being a stranger, and told them of the strange office, and how the merchant in question had had it performed; and they both said that if only it pleased God to bless them in overcoming the difficulties, they would certainly have this *molieben* performed. The priest, Father Platon, had never heard of it; and it was not till they had turned the leaves of the *molieben* book almost to the last that they found it. A few words at the end made them raise their heads, look with surprise at each other, and smile. "I will go to the Protopope at Q—," said Vesnin, "perhaps we may be able to leave that out." "I do not think so, Michael Emilianovitch. Our services are always carried out to the letter. If you object to this *molieben*, you can have simply a thanksgiving one performed." "No, no, Father. We said that this one should be performed, and the prayers are beautiful. But I am afraid of frightening the child, that's all." The Priest shook his head. "What's to be done? If it was a vow that you made, it must be performed." . . . The Protopope at Q— heard the story, and, shrugging his shoulders, wondered at the fancy people nowadays have for digging up antiquities. He permitted himself to ask his much respected Michael Emilianovitch how he came to know of the *molieben* in question. Vesnin told him, and observed another shrug of wonderment at the source.

What the difficulty was will appear from the following extract, which seems to show that usages may, even in Russia, be felt to be too old-fashioned. The blending the symbolical token of Eastern mastership over a captive slave with one of the most sacred of Old Testament texts is inexplicably odd:—

Priest. "Bow your heads before the Lord." (The congregation stand with bent heads while he reads this prayer.) O Almighty Father, the Creator of all things created, who in the first Adam didst institute relationship in the flesh, and by our Lord Jesus Christ, thy beloved Son, hast made us thy children through grace, to thee alone all things are known even from the beginning. Before thee, these thy servants now bow their heads, and implore thy blessing on the union as Father and Son that they have agreed on among themselves; and that by steadfastness in holiness of life they may be worthy of adoption by thee.

The Deacon, who was standing behind Max (the child to be adopted), now whispered to him, "Go, and bow yourself down at your Papasha's feet, Maxinka." The child instantly submitted, and Michael Emilianovitch placed his foot for one instant of time on his neck. (He did it so cleverly and quickly that the dear little fellow never knew of it.) He then raised him to his feet again, and said, "This day thou art my son; this day have I begotten thee." According to the Rubric, the newly-made father and son embraced and kissed each other after these words.

#### GALILEO.\*

THE consummate pains which have been bestowed by writers of almost every nation upon the history and the discoveries of Galileo have wellnigh exhausted the facts that seem destined in all probability ever to see the light. The full and elaborate edition of the philosopher's writings, by Professor Albèri, the publication of which extended from the year 1842 to 1856, has

put the world in possession of all the documents, in addition to Galileo's recognised publications, which the most unwearied research could bring together. Not only the great author's letters, but a large mass of correspondence on the part of his friends and the leading celebrities of the day, enable us to trace pretty closely the salient facts of his career, and to clear up many of the disputed points, not to say much of the mass of sheer myth and fable, that had gathered round his illustrious name. One cloud of mystery, which some indeed may persist in calling small, remains not yet satisfactorily cleared up. It is not for us to account for the fact, which, to all but partisans of the hostile side, must seem inexplicable. We do but recall attention to the circumstance that the Court of Rome has never yet put itself right with the world by the publication of the full and exact text of the original process and sentence of Galileo. This most important and interesting document, after a series of wayward and intricate wanderings to and fro, found its way back as long ago as 1846 to the archives of the Vatican. An abstract of the curious Odyssey performed by this priceless MS. will be found in our notice of the work on Galileo and his Times, by the late M. Parchappe, two years ago. The condition under which it was restored by Louis Philippe's Government, through the medium of the French Ambassador, M. Rossi, to Pope Gregory, distinctly was, that the text should be published entire. That promise has not yet been fulfilled. Certain extracts were indeed given to the world by Mgr. Marini in 1850; but these were no more than fragments, and were accompanied by running commentaries and references of a most inexact and misleading kind. The documents were placed by Father Theiner, in 1867, under the eyes of M. de l'Épinois, who to some extent repaired this failure on the part of the Cardinal in the work which he issued the same year—*Galilée, son Procès, sa Condamnation*. M. de l'Épinois here asserts, speaking of the MS. of the trial, but without mention of the sentence or the abjuration, that he has published entire the whole series of documents, most of them previously unedited, either in the course of his narrative or in an appendix at the end. We are sorry to have still to complain, with M. Thomas-Henri Martin in the volume before us, that even this undertaking has not been faithfully carried out. It is true that a minute account is given us of the state of the MS., and sundry points of perplexity as to the dislocation of the pages are set right. Moreover, we are indebted to the editor for the text of several pieces entirely new. But there are still many other pieces of which he gives us the heads alone, not the literal contents. He gives us indeed several important documents which a less candid apologist for the judges of Galileo would have been especially anxious to withhold. Many such, which Cardinal Marini had only given in outline, he transcribes at length. Nevertheless, why should not all doubt be set aside by a full and authenticated transcript of the entire series of documents? We learn from M. de l'Épinois that there were two series of registers belonging to the Holy Office—one that of the acts of trial, the other that of sentences and abjurations. The latter, in Galileo's case at least, forms no part of the seventy-seven volumes which have found their way to Dublin. They remained at Rome. The text of them was first published by Father Riccioli in his *Almagestum Novum* (Bologna, 1651), and has lately been reproduced by the Abbé Bouix. They were put forth in an imperfect and mutilated form by Biot, who was followed by Madden. The French version of Father Mersenne (1634) was far more correct than that in Italian by Polacco, which is strangely preferred by Venturi and Albèri. There is one most important point on which the official pieces of M. de l'Épinois make good the lacuna suspiciously left by Mgr. Marini. The Inquisition, having examined Galileo's printed letters on the Solar Spots, in which he spoke neither of theology nor of Holy Scripture, but simply of astronomy, extracted therefrom two propositions—one on the immobility of the sun, the other on the motion of the earth. Eleven consultative theologians of the Holy Office had orders from Pope Paul V. and the Cardinal Inquisitors to report upon these two propositions. This commission—February 24, 1616—reported the first to be "absurd and false in theology, as well as formally heretical, because it is expressly contrary to Holy Scripture," and the second "absurd and false in philosophy, and in a theological point of view at least erroneous in belief." By virtue of an order written by the Pope himself, upon this report, and notified on the 25th of February to the Assessor and the Commissary of the Holy Office by Cardinal Mellini, Galileo was summoned next day to the palace of the Inquisition. There he was brought before Cardinal Bellarmine, assisted by the Father Commissary, a notary, and two witnesses. The Cardinal represented to him the astronomical error of his opinion, and told him he must renounce it. Then the reverend Commissary Michael Angelo Segnizio de Lauda enjoined him in the name of the Pope and of the Holy Office, and under threat of the prosecution of that tribunal, to "abandon utterly the above-named opinion that the sun is the centre of the world and immovable, and that the earth moves, and to abstain from upholding, teaching, or defending that opinion in any way whatever either by word or writing." Such are the words of the official text, which we translate from M. de l'Épinois's French cited by M. Martin. In the course of his second trial, however, during the interrogatory of April 12, 1633, Galileo declared he only remembered the admonition of Cardinal Bellarmine, and knew nothing of the functions or the quality of the other personages, who wore the Dominican dress. The text of the notification of

\* *Galilée, les Droits de la Science et la Méthode des Sciences physiques.* Par Thomas-Henri Martin. Paris: Didier. 1868.

\* *Saturday Review*, September 1, 1866.



Feb. 25 informs us that the Papal orders were to put Galileo in prison if he refused to obey. Galileo having made the promise of obedience, the notary and witnesses, probably without his knowledge, and after his exit, certified the fact by an authentic record, which M. l'Épinois has made public.

Not less decisive is the light which M. de l'Épinois has thrown upon the disputed points of the second trial, especially upon the question of torture having been applied to Galileo. Urban VIII.—Maffeo Barberini, who became Pope in 1623—hitherto friendly to Galileo, while opposed to his theory of the universe, had in the course of years been so set against him that Niccolini, to whose friendly care Galileo had been committed on the score of ill health, on his summons to Rome in April, 1633, advised absolute submission as “the sole means of appeasing him who in the height of his passion had made the prosecution a personal affair of his own.” Galileo was so cast down by this communication that the ambassador declares he feared for the philosopher's life. He underwent two interrogatories, April 12 and 30, the text of which is produced by M. de l'Épinois. In the first Galileo protests that he has never gone beyond what was conceded to him by word of mouth by the late Cardinal Bellarmine at the time of his previous trial—namely, that the Copernican system, being contrary to Holy Writ, was not to be proposed as true, though it might be as a pure supposition. He might, indeed, have accused himself of having in his published dialogue permitted himself to put forth the arguments in favour of the hypothesis with greater force than those against it. On the 30th he even offers to repair this fault by adding one or two days more to the dialogue, combating the idea of the motion of the earth with all his might. His written defence, which renews his excuses and avowals, ends with a touching appeal of the old man to the pity and clemency of his judges. What was wanted was simply his condemnation and silence. In a secret decree of June, 1633, which we now get at length for the first time, Urban declares that Galileo must be questioned under the threat of torture (*tortura*), and that if he yielded not under that threat he must be compelled to make in full congregation of the Holy Office an abjuration under strong suspicion of heresy (*abjuratio de vehementi suspitione hæresis*), must undergo imprisonment during the good pleasure of the congregation, and be enjoined, under penalty of relapse, neither to speak nor write in favour of the motion of the earth, or of the contrary opinion. The last words deserve quoting in the original—“*inuncto ei ne de cetero scripto vel verbo tractet amplius quovis modo de mobilitate terre nec de stabilitate solis et contra, sub pena relapsus*.” Galileo, it was feared, might be astute enough to write against the motion of the earth in a way to suggest that the truth lay in reality for it. On June 21 Galileo was subjected to a fourth and final examination touching his intention of upholding in his dialogue the system of Copernicus. All that he would avow was limited to the terms of his last response. Now it is certain that the use of torture in the case of contumacy was common to all the criminal tribunals of Europe at that time. In France it was only abolished by Louis XVI., August 24, 1780. An instance of its being actually applied to an unfortunate monk for the space of one hour, by the Roman Inquisition, is cited by M. Martin. The customary threat of bodily torture *de facto et de jure* was beyond doubt held out to Galileo. *Communita ei tortura* are the words of the Papal decree of June 21. It is by no means proved, however, that the *rigorum examen* *tui* of the formal sentence implies that the torture was actually inflicted. They are far from signifying bodily suffering at all. Nor are we to construe in that sense Niccolini's allusion, June 26, to the “personal punishment” which to Galileo was “quite unexpected and highly trying.” Not only is there no mention of torture in the records of the court, but the end of the judges and of the Pope, as announced three days before the trial to Niccolini, was obtained without it. The silence of Galileo being secured, and his “intention,” without having been formally confessed, having been explained in a sense to satisfy his judges, there remained no ground for executing the threat. Biot and others had in fact, long before the production of the decisive proofs now available, made it perfectly certain that Galileo, who on the evening of June 24, after his three days' detention at the Holy Office, was conducted by Niccolini to the Villa Medici, and who on the 6th of July was able to walk four miles in spite of his years, had not been tortured on the 21st or 22nd of June.

We may call attention, by the way, to the true date of Galileo's birth, as fixed by the researches of M. Albèri. The philosopher was born at Pisa the same day or night that Michael Angelo Buonarroti died at Rome—February 18, 1564, of the Julian Calendar, then in general use. This day was February 18, 1565, of the Tuscan Calendar, which began the year with the Incarnation, March 25, 1564. The same day, however, was February 28 of the Gregorian Calendar, which came into force at Rome in 1582. Tuscany, adopting the Gregorian Calendar, continued, nevertheless, for a time to begin the year with March 25. Born February 18, 1564, of the Julian Calendar, and dying January 8, 1642, of the Gregorian Calendar, Galileo lived seventy-eight years less forty-one days.

It is not, however, in the settlement of obscure or controverted points in the life of Galileo that the sole or even the main interest of M. Martin's work may be said to lie. Nor is it to be regarded as a simple *résumé* or epitome of the facts which the research of M. de l'Épinois has had the credit of bringing to light. In the second portion of the volume, in which his original and independent authorship is more prominently conspicuous, M. Martin has

gone into a critical review of the scientific principles and the logical method which lie at the bottom of the discoveries of Galileo. The rights of thought have been fully and satisfactorily vindicated by the record of the trials and sufferings of one who, if falling short of the glory of a “martyr” in the strict phrase of hagiology, has at least achieved that of a “confessor” of science. It may be of little moment to the world whether, by what some might call an evasion, others a legitimate fencing with illegal violence, Galileo kept himself clear of torture or death. Where the world has gained beyond price is in the vigour with which his strong arm dug into the mine of truth, the treasures of knowledge he brought to the surface, and, above all, the laws and principles laid down by him for the guidance of all future explorers of the secret wealth of nature. It is not merely as the discoverer of new specific truths that Galileo ranks among the greatest names in science. It is not alone by his decisive strides in mechanics, optics, and astronomy, or even by the priceless instruments he has put in the hands of physical students, that he has made his mark in the progress of human knowledge. It is rather in laying the foundation of true philosophical inquiry and enunciating the true method by which all such inquiry should be conducted, that Galileo has earned his real fame as a discoverer. He has not, indeed, laid down this method as an abstract system or organon, nor has he reduced his principles to a code of scientific formulas. But he has in his successive writings given excellent examples of such procedure, and illustrated without end in practice what was in him perhaps rather a truthful instinct than a conscious result of philosophizing. He was not the Kant of a new Critic of Pure Reason, nor even the Bacon of a new Organum of Learning. But by his closer and more vigorous grasp of nature he could reckon greater and more prolific physical gains than Kant, while he had long before freed his soul from errors which trammelled and darkened the intellect of Bacon. The formal and systematic construction of method is not indeed so much the task of the student of nature as of the student of mind. Yet what does the student of mind effect but give form and utterance to the laws which have, by an unconscious and natural process, guided and inspired the true student of nature? M. Martin undertakes to prove that the method of Galileo—not as dogmatically enunciated in his writings, but as implied and illustrated throughout his discoveries—is more complete, more simple, and more efficacious than that of Bacon; and that, by virtue of the philosophic principles it presupposed and vindicated, the Florentine *savant* should hold by right a higher place in the annals of modern philosophy than the English Chancellor. The first to expose the falsity of the Aristotelian method, or rather of the sham Aristotelianism professed by the peripatetics of his day, Galileo followed Plato in laying down a mathematical basis as essential to the study of nature. In this respect he rose incomparably above Bacon. On the other hand, great as was Descartes in mathematics, his system was all but barren of physical fruit, for want of the close and careful observation which Galileo brought to bear upon nature. It was in abstract or *a priori* science that the Cartesian method won its triumphs. It was his weakness in those sciences, especially in pure mathematics, which kept Bacon, a whole generation after Galileo had declared his scientific method, in what we must still call the empirical stage of the insight into nature. Yet Bacon, we learn from the letter of Toby Matthew, April 14, 1619, had the whole of Galileo's works up to that period brought to him by Richard White. It is strange that nearly the only direct trace of the use he made of them is a reference to one of Galileo's weak points, his mistaken theory of the tides. The principle from which Galileo started was the mathematical measure of quantities by number and weight. For abstract conceptions *a priori* he substituted, as rigorously as Bacon himself, observation, experiment, and induction. M. Martin pursues, briefly but clearly, the course whereby Galileo's genius led him to apply this method to the several departments of mechanics, of the structure of the universe, or of cosmical and practical astronomy, as well as to optics, and the theory of heat, light, and sound. Galileo, he shows, was a “positive” spirit in the true and highest sense of the word. It is yet only by a perversion of ideas that the “positivists” of our day claim him for one of themselves. What might have been his relation to modern ideas of philosophy had his lot been cast two centuries later is another matter. It is easy for speculation to develop in this sense the germs of ideas which might be latent in Galileo's philosophy. But he was surely no positivist in the modern sense who could refer throughout as leading principles to two such bugbears of the Comtist as efficient and final causes, who through all his research into phenomena looked to the great and ultimate Creator, and strove through secondary causes to mount upwards to the action of the first great Cause. Essentially a religious philosopher, his sympathies might be expected to be, not so much with the D'Alemberts or the Holbachs, as with the Newtons, the Pascals, and the Ampères. He was far from professing the contempt of Descartes and Malebranche for the learning and the learned men of antiquity. Galileo had no doubt his weaknesses and errors. His genius was of that order which invents and originates, not that which organizes and gives system to ideas. The latter class of minds, great as are their services to truth, are, on the other hand, liable to the tendency of exaggerating their own functions, and of saying to human progress, Thus far shalt thou go and no further. It is the glory of Galileo to have opened a boundless path to future discovery, of which he has himself made the first steps plain and sure, and in which he invited his followers to emulate and outstrip him.

M. Martin supplements his essay with an admirable bibliographical notice, not only of the works of Galileo, but of the manifold publications to which the controversy concerning them and their author has given rise. The list, comprising upwards of seventy separate articles, furnishes a complete index to the literature which belongs to one of the most illustrious names in the history of science. In this, as throughout the volume, the industry and care of the compiler are not less conspicuous than the impartiality and candour of his critical remarks.

#### KLOPSTOCK AND HIS FRIENDS.\*

AMONG the many under-valued virtues of posterity, there is one which ought to be highly appreciated by aspirants to literary fame. It has perhaps not been sufficiently pointed out for the encouragement or consolation of authors, as the case may be, that when posterity does agree about them, its unanimity is wonderful. While no doubt some literary lights of their own day are extinguished with promptitude by the termination of their natural existence, the glory of others is kept green by an imperturbable consensus of succeeding generations. In no modern literature is this so emphatically the case as in that of Germany. The merits of many among even its first literary celebrities is cheerfully taken for granted, not only by foreign nations, but by millions of Germans who have never read through one entire work of these their literary benefactors. When, some years ago, Rietschel's noble group of Schiller and Goethe was uncovered at Weimar amidst the concourse of an enthusiastic multitude, a statue was simultaneously brought to light in honour of Wieland, whose writings are at once so highly esteemed and so rarely perused. He has his statue and his reputation, ample rewards for a pleasant life of congenial labour. Still more notable is the respectful feeling, quite distinct from any interest in his works, entertained by every true German towards the memory of Klopstock. Many an honest admirer has gazed with gentle awe upon the poet's house at Hamburg, or upon the grave where he and his wives lie buried in the neighbouring village of Ottensen, who would be considerably staggered by a request to recite half a dozen lines of the *Messias*, or to state the argument of one of the *Bardiete*. Even in his lifetime Klopstock was very much annoyed by an epigram of Lessing's, to the effect that

Klopstock is praised by young and old,  
But few have glanced his pages o'er.  
I'm willing to be less extolled,  
If I am read a little more.

And since his death little change has taken place in the numerical proportion here indicated between his readers and his admirers.

In this instance, however, the causes of the phenomenon in question are probably not far to seek. As a writer, Klopstock was a predecessor, and not a contemporary, of the golden age of German literature. The German people, as he found them, were as unfit for really national poetry as was the language spoken by them. When he commenced his career as an author, the nation had scarcely received the impulse of the first achievements of Frederick the Great, to whom, in conjunction with Voltaire, Klopstock was, in his innocence, desirous of dedicating the French translation of the *Messias*. The poet was, in truth, as little aware as the King himself how the latter was destined to awaken a productive self-consciousness in a nationality for which he personally entertained a calm and unequivocal contempt. In his search after national heroes Klopstock was therefore still limited to Arminius and his mythical mates; and he endeavoured to satisfy the reviving patriotism of his countrymen by dressing up these unsubstantial figures for an impossible stage. The second source of his poetic inspiration, religious feeling, was indeed less dependent upon time and place; and yet he was here necessarily under the influence of the only development which had kept the lamp of faith burning in Protestant Germany. The Pietists, who in an age of wretched frivolity and practical atheism adhered to a higher standard of life and upheld the doctrines of Christian morality, were more or less consciously performing an inestimable service to the cause of the national civilization; but the innocuous draughts of Bible-and-water which formed the staple of their intellectual diet were ill-suited for libations to the Muses. There remained to Klopstock, as a lyrical poet in particular, a third source of inspiration—that derived from the personal affections of humanity. Never has it flowed more copiously for any human beings than for Klopstock, his brethren of the *Wingolf*, the friends of his soul and the ladies of his heart. To these men and women the world seemed to be a gigantic lachrymatory into which their souls went forth in a perennial gush of tears. They were always in one another's arms, actually or metaphorically, in verse or in prose. They were ever sending osculatory messages, friend to friend, friend to friend's friend, lover to mistress, friend to friend's mistress. Their jests were the suave banter of the family coffee-tray. Their troubles were the vexations of misprinted proof-sheets or caving reviews; their personal griefs and joys were summed up in the births, deaths, and marriages of their immediate circle. And yet they were a generous and high-minded band of men and women, perseveringly intent upon the pursuit of aims neither mean nor trivial; helping to form and vivify the very language which seems so clumsy and flat in their hands; and widening the

bounds of culture in a nation which for a time had no literary leaders equal to themselves. And Klopstock deservedly occupied an unchallenged eminence among his associates. It would not be difficult to show that in him existed the elements of the highest literary development to which Germany has attained; that he combined, though in far lesser degrees, the elevation and fervour which secured to Schiller the sympathy of a whole people, with that love of the Perfect which in him manifested itself in admiration and imitation of the antique, and was destined in Goethe to reach harmonious consummation.

Of Klopstock's capacity for friendship his Correspondence, edited by Lappenberg, but only given to the world after the editor's lamented death by a younger collaborator, Dr. Weiland, offers sufficient evidence. We need not reckon among his friends the royal and ducal patrons of whom no inconsiderable number fell to his lot. His *Messias*, as is well known, was completed under the auspices of King Frederick V. of Denmark; nor was Klopstock the only literary celebrity of his age and country who was indebted to the judicious munificence of the Court of Copenhagen. It is, by the way, interesting to observe that, as in the seventeenth century the Cabinet of Madrid employed Rubens as the semi-official guardian of its interests at St. James's, so in the eighteenth it suggested itself to the statecraft of the Hamburg Senate to make use of the influence which Klopstock was known to possess with the Ministers of the Danish sovereign. He was privately sounded whether he would in future permit himself to be employed as *Solicitant* with one of them, M. de Bernstorff, in which case, should he signify his willingness, "he might possibly receive a *present pro arha*." The poet, having made known his acquiescence, is hereupon corrupted by twenty-five bottles of Hungarian wine belonging to the Senate, which he receives with many thanks. Another Royal personage, whose patronage Klopstock sought to obtain for his poem, was, as readers of Pope will be amused to find, no less distinguished a person than Frederick Prince of Wales. This illustrious patron of literature, who occasionally paid visits to the grotto at Twickenham—where he made his famous declaration, *a propos* of the reduction of his income, that he would gladly reduce himself to live upon 300*l.* a year if he could but hope to lessen the National Debt—appears in this Correspondence as "Prinz Wallis," to whom the poet Glover had promised Klopstock an introduction. More substantial benefits than appear to have flowed from this promise accrued to Klopstock from the favour of Margrave (afterwards Grand Duke) Charles Frederick of Baden, to whom the poet in the last years of his life owed both a title and an annuity. But these were merely the patrons with whose aid a German author in those days was not able to dispense; for though the fame of the subscription to Pope's *Iliad* had reached Klopstock, and induced him to express a natural desire to publish his *Messias* under similar circumstances, the necessary conditions for the realization of such a wish were wanting in Germany. Though, however, he was the *protégé* of princes and ministers, there was nothing in his character or conduct which would justify the faintest reproach of servility; and so little was he a servant of kings, that he hailed the first news of the French Revolution as glorious and hopeful tidings.

Among the personal friends of Klopstock, to or by whom these letters are written, will be found many of the well-known names belonging to the dawn of modern German literature. John Adolphus Schlegel, the worthy father of two famous sons, is apostrophized by Klopstock with all the enthusiasm which male friends were at that age, and not only in Germany, wont to vent into one another's bosoms. When together, they carve names in the bark of trees; and when left alone, they freshen up these vestiges of the departed:—

Why have these hours passed away so idly? And why has no spirit led you to me? Why has no Muse in nocturnal vision bid you come to me and form me, as Aurora unfolds the young roses of the morn? Why then did I know you? And why did your thoughtful eye prophesy to me the Schlegel of the future? Could I but fully express how tenderly angry I am with you?

Another frequent correspondent is Giseke, a member of the chosen circle which in his odes Klopstock addressed as the *Wingolf*, personally a worthy clergyman and meritorious verse-writer, and metrically (which we could never help thinking an extremely fortunate circumstance for his literary fame) a most convenient dactyl. In addition to these, among Klopstock's earlier friends were Cramer and Ebert, with other less familiar names, and among his admirers of the younger generation the chivalrous brothers Stolberg, through one of whom we find the worthy poet volunteering political advice to the Emperor Alexander; Goethe, who writes with all the delightful freshness of his youthful period; and Fichte. The last-named, on the occasion of his marriage with one of Klopstock's nieces, thus addresses the venerable old man in words full, notwithstanding their extravagance, of the fire characteristic of the most eloquent among German philosophers, and at the same time significant of the reverence which, in the eyes of the younger generation, was due to the Nestor of German literature:—

Zürich, June the 22nd, 1793.

Most Reverend Man,—To thank the incomparable one, who in my earliest boyhood charmed by my eye the first tear of emotion—to thank him who first awakened in me the sense of the divine, the sole impulse of my moral worth, I would have waited for a life in which the removal of earthly dross leaves no thought to the thinker but his thanks, were I not at present introduced to this incomparable one by means per haps not wholly without validity.

\* *Briefe von und an Klopstock. Ein Beitrag zur Literaturgeschichte seiner Zeit. Mit erläuternden Anmerkungen herausgegeben von J. M. Lappenberg. Brunswick: 1867.*



O good and great man, might you learn to know the daughter of your sister, sprung from Klopstock blood—might you know of her what her female fellow-citizens and friends know, what her father knows, what I know; and you would bless her out of the fulness of your deep all-containing heart, as perchance you blessed none since your *Meta*; and the fortunate mortal, who subordinates all merit which he might in the course of time attain by a life-long struggle for the truth which refines mankind, to the one of having been chosen by her—this fortunate mortal too would believe himself to have participated in a part of this blessing (*eines Theils dieses Segens theilhaftig geworden zu sein*).

Pardon this outbreak of long-restrained deep emotion to your most sincere admirer,  
J. G. FICHTE.

The mention of *Meta*, the poet's first wife, may seem a trifle *mal-à-propos* in view of the fact that this letter is dated a year after Klopstock's second marriage; but in such matters the Germans have always been famed for a frankness which holds the mean between *naïveté* and *gaucherie*. *Meta* had died (in childbed) nearly half a century before, leaving a name associating itself more intimately than any other with the memory of Klopstock. Her prose appellation was Margaret Moller; her poetic representative in the *Messias* is Ciddi. Such of her letters as are given in this volume (a separate correspondence between Klopstock and *Meta* was, if we remember right, published two or three years ago) maintain her character for sweetness of disposition, and for a playfulness of expression which must have been delightful in the days of our great-grandfathers. We have, however, only space to quote the following characteristic fragment from a letter written in English by this lady to a congenial correspondent, the author of *Pamela*. It would appear that she had originally entertained a conscientious scruple against giving her hand to Klopstock which would have reflected credit upon any one of Richardson's heroines themselves:—

I could marry then without her consent [her mother's], as by the death of my father my fortune depended not on her; but this was a horrible idea for me.

*Meta*, though the object of Klopstock's most enduring affection, was of course not the first lady towards whom his heart had gushed forth in uncontrollable sentiment. This honour belongs to his cousin, Maria Sophia Schmidt—called in his poetry, for some unknown reason, *Fanny*—of whom he writes to Hagedorn that

a mighty beloved maiden, resembling the British Singer [Mrs. Rowe, daughter of the Rev. W. Singer, and author of a collection of letters entitled *Friendship in Death*], has too strong a power over my heart. She knows it, and continues to let me suffer the pangs of love. . . . How happy, how inexpressibly happy, would it be for me, might I at some time weep away in your presence the "tearlets of sweet bliss."

But *Fanny*, whom Böttiger describes as a woman "distinguished by an imposing exterior, and by her activity in superintending a numerous household and the counting-house of a very considerable mercantile establishment," could never, as Lappenberg says, be brought to see in her adorer more than a gifted and interesting cousin, and has thus achieved only a second-rate immortality.

While this volume constitutes a pleasing memorial of one of the most celebrated among the past denizens of the ancient city of Hamburg, it will be treasured by many as the last of a series of offerings to that city by one whom, till within a short time ago, she numbered among her living ornaments. Lappenberg, whose English history has obtained for him a European reputation, was devoted heart and soul to the preservation and illustration of the many historical and literary monuments of his native place. Though, therefore, this Correspondence of Klopstock possesses little absolute value beyond that which it modestly claims as a "contribution to the literary history of his times," and though, like most posthumous publications, it labours under defects of arrangement which the piety of its supplementary editor may have scrupled to remove, it is welcome as linking together the names of two eminent men whom princes and foreigners delighted to honour, but who preferred to die in the familiar atmosphere of the venerable republic.

#### FRANCESCA'S LOVE.\*

NO one can deny that Mrs. Pulleyne introduces us to very fine company. Her characters have names suggestive of "coming in with the Conqueror," or, at the lowest, of serving under the Edwards; and Lady Digby, Sir Humphrey de Lacy, Lord Tresillian, Philip L'Estrange, the Lady Florinda, &c., seem all to belong by right to some mediæval romance, where people say "pardee belle dame," and "grammercy fair sir," and swear by their halidame or by their troth. Certainly they are not representations of ordinary English folks of the nineteenth century, being in all things as unlike flesh and blood as the most unreal creann and roseleaf puppets of the Rosa Matilda school; or of any other school where fiery ranks above reality, and life-likeness is of less account than millinery. It is not often, happily, that we meet with such an assemblage of beaux and belles, or have such a surfeit of beauty, elegance, refinement, and high breeding, as in *Francesca's Love*. In the first place, all the men and women concerned are so excruciatingly lovely—they have such exquisitely chiselled features, such magnificent eyes, which they use with unrelenting power, such glorious wreaths of hair—their bearing is so swanlike or so stately, as the case may be, they sit in such picturesque attitudes, or they stand with so much regal dignity,

that one gets overpowered, as by the continual scent of attar of roses. One feels in the coarseness of one's everyday mortality, like a rustic suddenly translated into a room where the women wear golden crowns on their heads and the men are glorified creatures in silk tights and waving plumes. In fact nothing so fine was ever seen out of Fairyland and Madame d'Arblay. The book, too, is full of millinery. Take almost any chapter we like, and we find in it an elaborate account of the colours and materials worn by the heroine in such or such a trying epoch of her life. Young ladies might dress themselves by Mrs. Pulleyne's descriptions nearly as well as by a fashion-book, but these eternal portraits of clothes become intensely wearisome to the masculine reader, who cannot be expected to find in them the same interest as would girls and silly women whose intellects do not go beyond *Le Follet*.

Fine names, fine people, and fine clothes demand a corresponding finery in morals. And, accordingly, the morals of *Francesca's Love* are very fine indeed in parts, ethereal to quite a bewildering extent; though also we must confess a little sorrowfully that the immorality is just as bewildering by its excess, and that if the angels are very fair the demons are very dark. But at the present moment we have to do with the angels. What can be said of a book which has for its chief action the rejection of an adored hero by a lovely heroine, merely because that lovely heroine thinks she ought to take the veil instead of marrying, inasmuch as a nun's life is holier than a wife's? She has evidently no special vocation for this nun's life. Quite the contrary. She falls in love at first sight with the adorable hero in the most impressionable manner possible, kisses him frantically when she kisses him at all, has fits of tumultuous blushings and pantings and sighings and palpitations not very consistent with the asceticism to come, and indeed goes to quite dangerous lengths in the way of passionate love—lengths, let us hope, beyond those which a modest girl usually allows to herself in her interviews with her lover. All this is rather out of place with the sweet and holy nature of this "convent child," as Mrs. Pulleyne delights to call her, and more like one of the naughty little girls of the sensationally erotic school than a model held up by a mother for the admiration or imitation of her own daughter. But what book based on the law of finery ever condescended to wander into common sense and likelihood? Philip L'Estrange too, the adorable hero with soft brown eyes, a "small and aristocratic mouth, slightly drooped at the corners, and shaded by the softest and most delicate moustache in the world," with a distinguished air of melancholy as befits an intellectual exquisite *blasé* on all points; he too is as foolish as finery and upholstery can make him. He loves Francesca, and knows that she loves him; but he lets her go up to London to encounter the perils and temptations of a "season" without declaring this love, promising himself that when it was over she would "come back to him as a dove flies back to its nest, and then he would claim the heart that was already his." In consequence of which charming arrangement Francesca, who is a Catholic, one day hears Father Angelo, a lovely monk with "small exquisitely chiselled lips, and a delicate Roman nose, with a forehead broad and classical" (Philip L'Estrange also has a broad and classical forehead) "over which the soft brown hair slightly drooped on one side, and with eyes dark, brilliant, penetrating, that flashed rapid lightning glances over the whole congregation." This lovely monk preaches against the sins and pleasures of the world; and forthwith Francesca resolves to go to him the next day, alone, and ask his advice as to what she shall do—marry Philip when he asks her, or go into a convent. Of course Father Angelo advises the nunnery; it is what all priests do when a young girl asks their advice, and confesses at the same time her impassioned love for an adorable hero with great brown eyes!—and Francesca turns her mind that way. But Philip turns it back again to himself and human pleasures; and things go on smoothly enough, with quantities of beautiful upholstery everywhere about, till one day the young lady receives a warning letter from the angelic Father, containing statements disparaging to Philip. On the receipt of which she puts her lover through his catechism, and learns that he is "broad"—in fact, a Unitarian. Whereupon she cries a great deal, and faints, then breaks off the marriage, though the day is close at hand, and mopes and gets pale as the result. In the end, long after this renunciation, though one cannot tell why she delays her intended profession, she has her hair cut off and becomes a Carmelite nun, under the name of Sister Magdalene, in the convent where Mademoiselle de la Vallière lived. And she is very beautiful and very graceful, and thinks she has been an awful sinner because, after what Father Angelo had said when she went to him for advice, she had suffered herself to become engaged to Philip L'Estrange—which she calls "rejecting the Creator."

If Francesca thought this natural preference a sin so heinous, what then are the real sins of this wonderful book? and where ought Lord Tresillian to be ranked? Here is an accomplished nobleman and English gentleman engaged to one beautiful young lady, living with a second beautiful young woman whom he has seduced under promise of marriage, and actively engaged in the ruin of a third beautiful young lady just married to one of the best men in the world, and one who, though he is older than herself, she does really love. But she is suddenly so entirely perverted and corrupted that she consents to run away from this good and honest-hearted husband, who lives only to make her happy, and for whom she has really a great deal of affection, and to go off

\* *Francesca's Love*. A Novel. By Mrs. Edward Pulleyne. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

into the regions of sin and degradation with Lord Tresillian, the *fiancé* of her most cherished friend. And as this cherished friend has some fabulous fortune of thirty or forty thousand a year, and is very lovely, though rather cold, it is exactly like what an impoverished nobleman would do when of the kind whom no woman could resist, and to whom therefore all women were pretty much alike, and no one worth any special sacrifice. When will women who write novels learn that a man's life is not made up of love only, and that such a character as this of Lord Tresillian's is as much a monstrosity as if he had been drawn with two heads or three eyes? And why did Mrs. Pulleyne introduce that revolting and quite unnecessary episode of Nellie? What can a virtuous matron understand of the life of a kept mistress? To men who know something of the *demi-monde* that whole episode is simply ludicrous, while to women it is coarse and shocking. The scene where Nellie comes to Francesca's room to warn her of Barbara's peril is eminently absurd. From the violet velvet dress to the "small and exquisitely jewelled watch," the get-up of Nellie—just off a journey be it remembered—is accurately described; then her beauty is commented on; then her naughtiness; then her self-scorn when Francesca, not quite understanding the character of her visitor, tries to be kind and sisterly; then the hatred against Lord Tresillian is hissed out in a speech that begins on stilts about worms and reptiles, and ends with "I have tempted him to play, and robbed him of his money, and now, damn him! I will spoil his game here." And this Mrs. Pulleyne gives to the innocent public as a true picture of a kept woman in a rage with the man who has broken off his relations with her because he is going to be married. We think a man would have written something different from this. The result of this interview is that in the middle of the night Francesca and her maid go off to the Abbey and Philip L'Estrange, whence they all three take the train for London, but are delayed on the journey in consequence of an accident that had just happened to a down-train going to Dover. Among the victims of the accident are Lord Tresillian, dead, and Barbara Vernon, mortally injured. The friends take the erring wife back to London; hush up the escapade; console the husband; and manage so well that Barbara dies with a very slight flaw in her reputation, known only to a chosen few. Agatha, Lord Tresillian's cousin and *fiancée*, soon consoles herself with the Marquis de Bouillon, and lives a life of fashion and finery in Paris, which we hope she is enjoying to this day. She is the type of common sense and prudence, as Barbara is the type of naughtiness and impulsiveness, and Francesca of religious enthusiasm, of mysticism, and intense moral silliness.

If it is better to be supreme in any direction rather than the dead level of commonplace mediocrity, we ought to congratulate Mrs. Pulleyne on the supremacy of folly to which she has risen in *Francesca's Love*. From first to last she is never guilty of a natural incident, a simple description, a lifelike character, or a rational motive. Her men and women are more like the sugar ornaments on a twelfth-cake than anything else, and their lives and loves are like the lives and loves of Dresden shepherdesses or fairy-land princesses rather than of ordinary men and women. From the first interview between Philip L'Estrange and Francesca, where he calls her a fairy, and Titania, and tells her as he puts a shawl over her head that he has "placed many a mantilla for the dark-eyed beauties of Spain, fastened many a buskin for the Indian maidens in the backwoods of America, and arranged the yashmak over the fair features of the Turkish girls," to the last bit of millinery in the Carmelite convent, the book is one long dribble of silliness. Without Ouida's audacious power it has Ouida's sickening finery; without Miss Braddon's sinew it has Miss Braddon's worst faults; it has the cloying cant of the religious novel in parts, and in parts the improprieties of the sensational and erotic romance; it has the faults of many schools and the good qualities of none, and can only be described as a mass of affectation and folly, finery and unreality.

#### MAJOR CHESNEY'S INDIAN POLITY.\*

AS for the distaste which it is usual to assert is felt for Indian affairs, the author can only say that, so far as personal experience is a guide, the interest about them appears often to exceed the knowledge possessed on the subject." The publication of *Indian Polity* will make it our own fault if this extract from the preface remains true any longer. In the compass of one moderate-sized volume Major Chesney gives an exhaustive account of the manner in which India is governed, and offers certain suggestions for the improvement of the existing system. In an introductory chapter he recapitulates the leading events in the history of the British domination, and then in five successive books describes and criticizes the constitution of the Government, the civil administration, the composition and distribution of the army, the provision for public works, and the principles of Indian finance. It will be seen how large an area the subjects here enumerated cover, and upon each of them Major Chesney shows himself a thoroughly competent informant. Indeed, we know of no one work—indeed, we may go further, and say that we know of no series of works—from which so much knowledge can be obtained with so little trouble. As far as Anglo-Indian matters are concerned, these pages—not quite five hundred in number—will give the reader all the information he can possibly

want; and the historical introduction, brief as it necessarily is, supplies, with the help of a map from which a great deal has been usefully left out, a sufficient view of the growth of our power in the East to make the existing state of things intelligible. To examine his book in detail would be to discuss almost every question that has arisen relative to Indian government. All that we shall attempt, therefore, is to indicate some of the points upon which *Indian Polity* may be consulted with advantage, premising that a selection of this sort, made almost at random, gives but a very imperfect idea of the variety and compactness of its contents.

The conclusion which Major Chesney is so especially anxious to establish that it may be said to give the keynote to several of his chapters, is that India is virtually composed, not of three Presidencies, but of ten Provinces. Indeed there never have been any such divisions as the Presidencies of Bengal and Madras. The former is properly the Presidency of Fort George, and the latter the Presidency of Fort William. There is a further ambiguity in the use of the word "Bengal." Sometimes it stands for the country inhabited by the race which speaks the Bengalee language, or Bengal Proper. Sometimes it denotes the territories subject to the jurisdiction of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, in which sense it includes, besides Bengal Proper, with Berar, and Orissa, which constituted the Mahomedan "Soubahdaree" of Bengal, the subsequently acquired provinces of Assam and Cuttack. Sometimes it means the whole plain of Upper India, comprising the three Lieutenant-Governorships and the province of Oudh, which is garrisoned by the Bengal army, and administered by the Bengal Civil Service. The real units, however, of the Indian system—the Lieutenant-Governorships of Bengal, the North-west Provinces, and the Punjab, the Governorships of Madras and Bombay, the Chief Commissionerships of Oudh, the Central Provinces, and Burmah, together with Berar and Mysore—"are vested with different degrees of executive power, but they are quite independent of each other; and all of them, both in law and practice, exercise their functions subject to the direct authority and control of the Governor-General of India in Council." Major Chesney very properly urges that these divisions, which do already exist in fact, should be recognised in name also. He would dismiss the misleading term "Presidency" from the Indian vocabulary, and amalgamate the three civil services into one Imperial establishment, each member of which would be "the servant of the particular Government under which he happened to be immediately employed." No inconvenience would follow from this change, since "the popular notion that the division into three separate bodies secures that our officials shall be conversant with the languages of the people whom they are set over is quite fallacious." There is more diversity of language in different districts of the same Presidency than in adjoining districts of different Presidencies. Even under the present system, "a Bengal officer may be sent from Behar, where the people are Hindostanees, speaking pure Oordoo, to the extreme East of Bengal, where only Bengalee is spoken; and a Madras officer may be transferred from the South of the Peninsula, where the language is Tamul, to the extremity of the Northern Circars, where the language is derived from a different stock, or to the Canarese districts of Bellary." The advantage of the change would be that the higher appointments would be filled up from the whole Indian Service, instead of being practically limited to the Bengal branch, by which means the Central Government would obtain the benefit of a wider experience, and the Madras and Bombay Services would no longer be deprived of their fair share of Imperial promotion.

Major Chesney then reviews the various modifications which would be required to develop this provincial system. First of all, Bengal should be provided with a Governor. The anomaly by which, "while the Bombay and Madras provinces are administered each by a Governor and Council, Bengal, which is almost twice as large and populous as either of them, is presided over by a subordinate officer, styled Lieutenant-Governor, without a Council," was a makeshift devised to meet the patent fact that what was originally the Government of Bengal had gradually become the Government of India. The responsibilities, the authority, and the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal are greater than those of his nominal superiors, and the work which falls to the share of the Bengal Government is very much greater than that which devolves upon the Governments of Madras or Bombay. And yet, while the latter "are equipped with a full staff of secretaries with high-sounding titles," the business of the former, "which is probably at least twice as extensive," is performed by a single officer on smaller pay. Another change which is required, in Major Chesney's opinion, is the subdivision of Bengal. "Forty millions of people, scattered over a territory larger than France or Austria, where there are no representative or municipal institutions, and where the Government is a despotism not even controlled by public opinion," is more than one Government can manage. The foundation of this division should be difference of race, and Major Chesney proposes to constitute Orissa a separate province, and to attach to it the adjoining Ooriya-speaking districts, whether in Bengal or Madras. Assam, again, requires a distinct administration, and if these two subdivisions were effected, Bengal would still "contain two nations—the Bengalee-speaking race of the Lower Ganges and the Hindostanees of Behar"—and "be very much the largest and most populous province in India." In Madras and Bombay no change is needed. In the remaining provinces the titles of Lieutenant-Governor and Chief Commissioner should be changed to that of Governor. The only objection which can be

\* *Indian Polity: a View of the System of Administration in India.* By George Chesney. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.



raised to this alteration—the increase of expense—is really an argument in its favour. At present the time of these high officials is largely taken up with mere routine drudgery, which is a waste of something more valuable than money; and their influence over the people they govern is lessened by the entire absence of that outward state to which they were accustomed in their native princes. That these latter “should be replaced by plain gentlemen, who ride about unattended, and appear in public without the appendages of office,” does not help to make British rule popular in India. A further question is whether these newly-created Governors should be provided with Councils. In the case of Bengal, Major Chesney is strongly of opinion that there should be a Council. By securing the services of men with a professional knowledge of Indian affairs it provides the Governor with thoroughly competent advisers, while—as he may, if he chooses, set aside their unanimous opinion—there is no division of responsibility. At the same time the practice of recording each member's opinion, and, where it differs from those of his colleagues, the reasons on which it is founded, gives the Council a real interest in the conduct of public affairs, and prevents the Governor from setting their advice aside unless upon what he considers weighty grounds. The necessity of explaining these grounds to the Council is also a check upon either jobbing or precipitancy on the part of the Governor. If the discussions at the Council table are occasionally detrimental to rapidity of execution, “they at any rate prevent the gross mistakes of judgment which a single man left to himself may occasionally commit.” And the working power of the Government is increased by the division of labour which a Council renders possible. Finally, a Council widens the area from which a Governor may be chosen, since without one he must necessarily be a man already familiar with the country. Whether, however, there is any advantage in facilitating the relaxation of this rule, must be regarded as an undecided point. Long acquaintance with a service sometimes involves a strong bias for or against some of its members, which may injuriously affect the Governor's distribution of patronage, and a lifetime spent in India does not always confer a corresponding knowledge of its people. Still the career of a Government servant in India is “a most efficient test of industry and administrative capacity,” and the amount of work which an Indian Governor has to do makes these qualifications of immense importance. Local experience must be possessed by some one, and if the Governor is deficient in it the fact that he is so may throw an undue amount of influence into the hands of some irresponsible subordinate. This reasoning does not apply, Major Chesney thinks, to the Governor-General:—“That high personage is not or should not be engaged on details; moreover the Supreme Government is better provided with advisers than the subordinate governments; while in statesmen of the class usually appointed to this high office, genius often supplies the place of experience—the acquisition of detailed knowledge seems to be with them intuitive.” We presume that it is to this genius supplying the place of experience that Mr. Disraeli trusts when he appoints Lord Mayo.

We have scarcely attempted to do justice to *Indian Polity*, because to do so would far exceed the space at our disposal. We can only recommend it to all our readers as supplying the very best means we know of gaining that knowledge of Indian administration which, as the author truly says, “public men in England would be ashamed not to possess with respect to any other part of the British Empire.” Major Chesney's book, however, has made us keenly sensible of the need of a companion volume on the native population of India. Everybody knows, of course, that the British rule has supplanted the Mahomedan rule, which had itself taken the place of certain Hindoo kingdoms. But, to give this generality any solid value, Englishmen want to have the native population made a reality to them. The best way of doing this, we believe, would be to go analytically through the Provinces and States of which the India of to-day is composed, enumerating and distinguishing the races and languages found in each, and giving a sufficient outline of their past history to enable us to understand the leading features of their laws and institutions. In writing Indian history for popular use it does not answer to begin at the beginning. What little interest is felt in the subject is felt in connexion with the names and events of to-day, and the best inducement that can be offered, to a reader of average intelligence and no more, is the hope of finding Indian names no longer destitute of the associations, and Indian facts no longer without the explanations, which only history can furnish. It would need a scholar to produce such a book; perhaps, elementary as it would be in form, it could hardly be done satisfactorily by any one man. But the labour could hardly miss its reward, for these readers of average intelligence will exercise every year an increasing influence upon Indian affairs. They elect the Parliament which governs India, they furnish the officials which administer it. At present, however, it is rather our business to be grateful that one-half of the work has been so well and thoroughly performed by Major Chesney.

#### SIR EDMUND HEAD'S BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.\*

THE successors of any one who by personal qualities has won the love and reverence of his own circle have a just ground of complaint if he leaves no likeness behind him to support

their perhaps partial tradition of the man as he was. But it is even more vexatious for those who have formed an unlimited opinion of a man's intellectual power from his conversation and society to find little or nothing of literary remains by which, after his death, to establish the justice of their estimate. And the first thought that will occur to the admirers of the late Sir Edmund Head's fine and varied endowments will be a sad one, that so little fruit should survive such high gifts of memory and fancy, of versatility, taste, and genius. Sixty brief pages contain all the poetical remains of one who was imbued with ancient and modern poetry, who was deeply versed in the languages and literature of contemporary Europe, and could quote Lucretius and Seneca and other less read Latin poets with greater ease and fluency than *soi-disant* scholars display in the triter commonplaces of Horace. When one reflects upon the busy intellect that is at rest, the keen, bright wit that has thrown off its last neat saying, and laid aside for ever its penetrative and convincing weapons, the research which, stored up out of sight, was a full bank to draw on at need and occasion, it is impossible to help regretting that there is so very little documentary evidence of these rare and admirable qualities. There is so exceedingly little, in truth, that when one contrasts the scanty remnant of Sir Edmund with the whole shelf-full of learned and laborious treatises of his chosen friend, Sir George Lewis, a handful of gay lightsome ballads seems to say to the voluminous disquisitions of that illustrious scholar and statesman,

Quid aeternis minorem  
Consiliis animum fatigas?

And yet in each there was a wonderful similarity of tastes, a singular parallel in their early careers. Eton nursed in the one, Winchester in the other, that fondness for classical literature which, as it ripened, won Oxford's highest distinctions and rewards for the student of Christ Church and the Fellow of Merton. Among the many and short-lived classical and philological reviews that have been started within the last fifty years, none holds a higher rank than the *Philological Museum*. In its two volumes (1832-3) the initials of E. W. H. are appended to papers on art and grammatical criticism quite worthy to rank with those of such contributors as Julius Hare, Connop Thirlwall, Cornwall Lewis, John Wordsworth, and the rest of a list in which no name is unknown to literature.

Yet here, as well as in the much later *Classical Museum*, Sir Edmund's contributions are rather weighty than frequent. We are not in a position to judge why this was so. Perhaps it was because his taste was fastidious, and because he was too jealous a censor of his own compositions to bequeath to posterity aught that might seem deficient in force or finish. Or perhaps it was because, though he might enjoy, he never could have felt or acted upon, his distinguished contemporary's “dietetium,” that “life would be very tolerable but for its amusements.” A third solution of the problem—and it is but fair to remember that this explanation emanates from one who was privileged to know him best—is suggested by the writer of a brief preface to the little volume before us, gracefully averring that,

though loving literature with an exceeding love, and knowing the literature of divers times and countries with the knowledge to which only love can lead, and with an extent of knowledge to which few, even through love, have found their way—he gave his life, after his first youth, to the public service at home and abroad, and such productions as these were merely the fruits of occasional retirement into literature when resting from public labours.

It is likely enough that there were few of these intervals of rest for a Poor-law Commissioner, whose office could have afforded but little scope or opportunity for the pursuits of literature; nor, even if his governorship of Canada did not exact entire abstinence from the solace of letters, is it to be supposed that a Canadian climate was likely to be favourable to the Southern Muse. For all that Horace may say to the contrary, she is seldom wooed satisfactorily

pigris ubi nulla campus  
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ;

and the appearance of Sir Edmund's ballads and translations in *Fraser*, synchronizing as it did with his Civil Service Commissionership, leads to the surmise that they are fruits ripened and perfected, at any rate, in kindlier climes. Few though they be, however, their very fewness in some sort guarantees the high standard of their aim, and ensures an excellence of model for younger aspirants in the same field to propose to themselves. And, first, we would note the nice and unerring choice which has singled out from classic poetry for transference into English three gems, and only three, of unmatched merit in their kind. The last elegy of Propertius, Cornelia's posthumous message to her surviving Paulus, has ever commanded an admiration commensurate with its charms of feeling and pathos. And, if one were bidden to choose out of this very unequal poet's elegies one that had pretensions to rank with it, it would be impossible for the finger not to rest upon that quasi-epistle of Arethusa to Lycotas which has so much in it akin to the elegy to Paulus, and which shows, like it, that, though he followed unworthier flames, Propertius knew how to realize and portray the devotion of a wedded wife. Sir Edmund might have found half a dozen other very translatable elegies, but he could not, having limited himself to two, have hit on happier samples than the lays to Lycotas and to Paulus. We may say the same of the choice, from all the gems of Theocritus, of his lovely idyl, the “Helen.” The “Hylas” might put in a claim to notice, but somehow, wherever Hercules is intro-

\* *Ballads and other Poems, Original and Translated.* By the late Right Hon. Sir Edmund Head, Bart., K.C.B. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1868.

duced, there mingles more or less of grotesqueness with the sense of beauty. The translator's choice of the "Helen" was safe and unexceptionable. And equal taste appears in his translations from modern literature, where he seems to have entertained the same preference for the noble language and literature of Spain as has been felt by several of his distinguished contemporaries. Unfortunately, there are only three or four translations at most from the "Silva" or the "Primavera de romances," just enough to whet the appetite, and to display the preference; enough to show his readers what stores he might have laid open, and with what certainty of welcome from even a modern sensation-sated public. There is a free translation from the Icelandic "Edda," and a version of Count Platen's "Das Ende Polens"; but, besides these, the rest of the contents of the volume are two or three ballads founded on the romances of Spain or Denmark, and a scarcely satisfying copy of verses "On an Ancient Panathenæic Vase in a London Drawing-room."

At Sir Edmund Head's versions of Propertius we incidentally glanced in a review of Paley's Translations of Propertius (October 13, 1866). A comparison of the elegy to Paulus by Paley with that of Sir Edmund will establish the title of the latter to the palm of poetic taste and skill; and even the lamented Mr. Philip Stanhope Worsley's blank verse "Cornelia" reads tame and flat beside Sir Edmund Head's. Let the reader judge for himself, and let the criterion passage be vv. 85, foll. "Seu tamen adversum," &c. Mr. Worsley gives it as follows:—

But now, whether it be the door I knew  
Open upon an altered wedding-couch,  
And a step-mother sit where I sat once,  
Speak well, my children, of your father's wife  
And bear her yoke: before your winning ways  
It must be that her charmed heart will yield.  
Also praise not your mother over much,  
For your new parent, matched with her of old,  
Will think scorn of your free and innocent speech, &c.

*Poems and Translations, p. 153.*

And now let us hear the same pleadings in language and metre better fitting their elegiac character. Mr. Worsley may be closer to the Latin, but as he held closeness cheap in comparison with poetry, we suspect that he would have agreed with us in preferring Sir Edmund Head's free, but still fairly faithful, version:—

You too, my children, at your father's side  
In after years a step-dame if you see,  
Let no rash word offend her jealous pride,  
Nor indiscreetly wound by praising me.  
  
Obey his will in all: and should he bear  
In widow'd solitude the woes of age,  
Let it be yours to prop his steps with care,  
And with your gentle love those woes assuage.  
  
I lost no child: 'twas mine in death to see  
Their faces clustered round: nor should I grieve  
If but the span of life cut off from me  
Could swell the years in store for those I leave.

A comparison of this last stanza with the Latin will show how much is occasionally gained to a translation: by judicious recasting and rearrangement of the clauses of the original. We must pass over some stanzas (xii.-xiv. and xviii.-xix.) of the letter to Lycotas which we had marked for citation, to find room for a beautiful extract from the "Theocritean Idyl." About the whole of this there is the dancing glee of an Epithalamium; and we doubt whether there could be a more decided success in translation than is attained in these spirited lyrics. The Greek lines have occasionally to be broken up, and readapted to English numbers, but somehow every point of the original is preserved, and a new grace imparted. Here is a culling from it (p. 36, cf. Theoc. Id. 18, v. 31, &c.):—

So Lacedæmon's pride and joy,  
We see young Helen move,  
And scatter from her blushing brow  
The rosy light of love.  
No hand like hers can reel the wool,  
Or weave without a seam  
With shuttle deft so close a web  
Cut from the loom's tall beam.  
Ay! and to sweep the sounding lyre  
And sing high themes like this—  
Broad-breasted Pallas and the might  
Of Orthian Artemis—  
No hand, no voice like Helen's is;  
Yet in her eyes the while  
All woman's softest witchery beams,  
And sparkles in her smile.

How fully brought out here is the telling epithet *ροδόχρως*; and how faithful in the second quatrain is the reproduction of a passage that requires exact rendering! But nothing can be in better taste, nothing more graceful, than every portion of this idyl as rendered by Sir Edmund Head. The "Ballad of the Moorish Knight and Maiden," and the noble dealing of the Spanish captor towards them, is interesting. Some of the other ballads are curious. But there is no piece in the sixty pages from which we form so high an estimate of the author's calibre, whether as scholar or poet, as the idyl from which we have quoted.

At the outset of our remarks a regret was expressed that the fruit of Sir Edmund Head's muse was so scanty. We could still wish it had been more. And yet there is this advantage in setting up for one's rule *non multa, sed multum*, that it necessitates a high standard. And, be it much or little, Sir Edmund Head at all events won for himself a place among that roll of accomplished and highly educated public servants which has received some of its best and brightest additions in this our day—a name

amongst those who, without ever suffering them to trench upon the time set apart for graver duties, have made literature and scholarship adorn and humanize the routine of office.

#### MR. BUCHANAN'S ESSAYS.\*

"THE Scotch intellect," says Mr. Buckle, "during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was pre-eminently deductive." If he had cared to generalize from the single instance of Mr. Robert Buchanan, he might have added that the Scotch intellect of the nineteenth century was pre-eminently dogmatic. For a book so absolutely brimming with self-confidence as this volume of Essays, we never had the good fortune to meet with before. Great writers and great speakers disposed of in a single line; the law laid down with a definiteness and conciseness worthy of the *Code Napoléon*; principles of art, morality, politics, stated as if the bare statement of them by Mr. Buchanan ought to carry conviction to all minds—these form the staple of almost every page. And the difficulty is that Mr. Buchanan puts it entirely out of our power to disallow any of his positions. The title of his first essay is "The Poet, or Seer"; the one faculty that he claims for the poet and critic (the persons in his case being identical) is that of sight. Of course, *de sensibus non est disputandum*. When a man tells us that he sees such and such a thing, we are bound to believe him, and to own that he must be the best judge of what his senses tell him. In his very entertaining *Lessons in Elementary Physiology*, Professor Huxley quotes from Brewster's *Natural Magic* "the famous case of Mrs. A."—the lady who, although in perfect health and full possession of her faculties, was constantly the victim of the most extraordinary sensory delusions; and after an account of some of these he goes on:—

Mrs. A. undoubtedly saw what she said she saw. The evidence of her eyes as to the existence of the apparitions, and of her ears as to those of the voices, was, in itself, as perfectly trustworthy as their evidence would have been had the objects really existed. For there can be no doubt that exactly those parts of her retina which would have been affected by the image of a cat, and those parts of her auditory organ which would have been set vibrating by her husband's voice, were thrown into the same condition by some internal cause.

It is the same with Mr. Robert Buchanan as with Mrs. A. He says that the poet is the man who sees, and we cannot of course suppose that the poet doffs his powers of vision when he turns critic. Therefore, when the critic tells us that Mr. Bright talks in blatant periods, and that Mr. Lowe is given over to polished pettiness; when he speaks of the "brutality" of Mr. Carlyle and the "merest prose" of Mr. Arnold; when he calls attention to the heroes and heroines of his own poems, and speaks of "the intense loving tenderness of the coarse woman, Nell, towards her brutal paramour, the exquisite delicacy and fine spiritual vision of the old village schoolmaster," we are bound to believe that he really sees and hears these things, and that they have an objective existence as indisputable as the cat that Mrs. A. saw and the voices that sounded in her ears. What the "internal cause" may be that throws Mr. Buchanan's critical retina and auditory organ into this peculiar condition is of course to us no more than a matter of speculation. We cannot speak with any certainty; but we should imagine that it was simply inordinate vanity, fostered by the rash desire to make his prose eclipse the moderate but respectable reputation which his verse had won for him.

We are sorry to have to pass this harsh judgment on the book, because the essay from which it takes its name shows that when Mr. Buchanan will consent to keep himself in the background he can write what is not only readable but extremely interesting. Yet here, if anywhere, he had an excellent excuse, had he chosen to avail himself of it, for putting himself forward. Linked for many years in a close and tender friendship with David Gray, sharing with him the struggles of a student's life at Glasgow and of a literary *début* without money or friends in London, he might be expected, in this paper of all others, to assert himself. Yet the pathos of the story, and the genuine emotion that the writing of it must have called out, preserve him from that. The result is that the memoir is unquestionably the best part of the book. As he himself says, speaking of Walt Whitman's wonderful *Drum-taps*, "Here, in proportion to the absence of self-consciousness, and the presence of vivid emotion, we find absolute music, culminating once or twice in poetry." Indeed the history of David Gray is full of melancholy interest; less tragic, it is true, than that of Chatterton, less absorbing, because of the infinitely smaller proportions of the central figure, than that of Keats, and yet simple enough and sad enough to win the regretful sympathies of every reader. Gray, the son of a handloom weaver, was born at Merkland, near Glasgow, in 1838, and died there in 1861, just before completing his twenty-fourth year. His early life showed nothing extraordinary; it was that of a thousand other "sons of the soil" whose studious ways redeem them from the loom or the plough, and get them sent at fourteen to Glasgow University. There his career was that of many another young student—a being mainly emotional, whose delight was in devouring the poets "from Chaucer to Wordsworth," and in scribbling, under their inspiration, scraps for the poet's-corner of the *Glasgow Citizen*; living meanwhile a life of poverty and privation, "subsisting chiefly on oatmeal and butter

\* *David Gray and other Essays, chiefly on Poetry.* By Robert Buchanan. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.



forwarded from home." At Glasgow he fell in with his biographer, a young man of similar tastes and not dissimilar temperament, and with no more settled prospects than his own. Their friendship soon became close, and their lives interwoven; and meanwhile David had deliberately assented to what he thought the moving force within him, and had pronounced himself a poet. Kents naturally enough enthralled him first, and under his influence he wrote a good deal. One of the poems of this period Mr. Buchanan publishes; it is the soliloquy of Empedocles before he plunges into the crater. Printed now for the first time, it seems, of course, to challenge comparison with Mr. Arnold—a comparison which, it is needless to say, it will not bear for a moment; and yet, in spite of its crowded adjectives and its quaint confusions between "thou" and "you," it is a remarkable poem for a youth of twenty to have written. When the stage of Kents and that of Shakspeare, which followed for a short time, had passed away, his powers found their right expression, and he wrote the *Luggie*, the pastoral poem that celebrates the scenes around his home. Then, when it was written, his trials and troubles began. He could not afford to publish it; none of the great men to whom he wrote could spare time and attention to read the verses of a perfect stranger who came to them with no recommendation but his own. Repeated disappointments, as Mr. Buchanan writes, only made him the more dogged and self-asserting. "I am a poet; let that be understood distinctly," he wrote to a stranger; like André Chénier on the scaffold, he struck his forehead and cried, "Il y avait pourtant quelque chose là!" He owned that the dream of his life would not be fulfilled if his fame did not equal that of Wordsworth at least, if not that of Goethe or Shakspeare; he talked of what would happen when his biography came to be written. Yet with all this he was, except in his letters, all modesty and reverence; he who talked of rivalling Wordsworth confessed that to read even Thomson made him despair. Indeed, his life was a constant opposition of extremes. His large black eyes and feminine shape betrayed his character accurately; extravagant in his ideas of his own power, and yet constantly desponding, quick in his decisions, and still quicker in repenting of them, strong in his sympathies and dislikes. He came to London to push his fortune, with no introductions, and absolutely penniless; and in his night wanderings in Hyde Park (a bed would have been a useless extravagance, he thought, and this was a right and romantic beginning for a poet's struggle in London), he probably sowed the seeds of the consumption that soon brought him to his grave. The rest of his career is of uninterrupted sadness. Mr. Monckton Milnes, who has always had an enthusiasm for young poets, took him up, and did for him all that the most persevering kindness could do. But the disease grew worse, and disappointment aggravated it and set him longing still more eagerly for impossibilities. Thackeray declined to print the "*Luggie*" in the *Cornhill*, and David's hopes of realizing his life's dream grew fainter and fainter. He must return home; yet when he has arrived there he finds that he cannot, except at the cost of his life, face the Scotch winter. All sorts of schemes occur to him; he will visit Natal, or Jamaica, or he will "go to Florence and throw himself on the poetical sympathy of Robert Browning." Finally, by the kindness of his few Southron friends, he is brought back to London, and sent on thence to Torquay. Here the morbid craving for home, or at least for flight from his fellow-patients, came upon him and overwhelmed him. "What's the good of me being so far from home and sick and ill?" he writes to his parents. "... Tell everybody that I'm coming back—no better—worse, worse." When he arrived at his friend's lodgings in London the fit was upon him still; it would of course have been vain to resist his wild appeals. He went home, and died in less than a year. To the last, the thought of the publication of his poem haunted him; "it troubles me like an ever-present demon." At length, chiefly by Mr. Sydney Dobell's unwearying exertions, it was printed, and a specimen-page was sent to him. "David, with the shadow of death even then dark upon him, gazed long and lingeringly at the printed page. All the mysterious past—the boyish yearnings, the flash of anticipated fame, the black surroundings of the great city—flitted across his vision like a dream. It was 'good news,' he said." This was on the 2nd of December, 1861, and the next day he died.

What we complain of is, that it is unfair to the memory of David Gray that his story, well and simply told as it is, should have to contend against the dead-weight of the rest of the book. Seventy-five good pages have no chance against three times that number of bad ones. For with perhaps two exceptions—the short essays on Walt Whitman and Herrick's *Hesperides*, in both of which Mr. Buchanan saves himself by not aiming too high—we cannot call the rest of the volume anything but bad. It is not always that what the writer means is bad; it is that the way he says it is so intolerable. We have said that the dogmatism is perfect, and that the quiet suppression of eminent men is wonderfully amusing; but perhaps the eloquence is the worst of all. Take this specimen from "The Student and his Vocation"—"The Student" being one of the many parts that Mr. Buchanan delights to play:—

Thus here and there, by the busy wayside, the earthly traveller catches glimpses of faint footpaths, some leading to places of nestling green, others winding up to the mountain-peaks, others conducting to the brink of waste waters peopled by the phantoms of the clouds. These paths wind to the nooks where the students dwell, hearing faintly from afar the tramp of busy feet and the cry of voices. Not always, however, do the students remain apart. Ever and anon, at the point where the footpath joins the highway,

appears a pale face, and a white hand is uplifted enjoining silence. The student has stepped down with a message. Ere that message can be heard the crowd must still itself and pause, and in that pause all loud cries are lost, and the student is heard saying, "Rest awhile. Listen to the message I bring you! I want you just for a minute to turn with me to the infinite."

We seem to catch, like an echo, the familiar tones of Mrs. Hemans:—"Howls the Sublime, and softly sleeps the calm Ideal in the whispering chambers of Imagination." Well may Mr. Buchanan claim to add a saving clause, which once more puts him beyond the power of criticism. The student aims, he says, at the beautiful. "He shapes his glowing thoughts into melodious syllables, such as common men may not employ. Add to perfect disinterestedness perfect sweetness of voice—and the people are spellbound. Their souls are raised, their ears are delighted." Speaking for ourselves, we must own to being rather glad that common men may not employ these melodious syllables. But sometimes, alas! even the student forgets himself, and what happens on such occasions Mr. Buchanan describes so vividly, and with such prophetic instinct; that we dare not even paraphrase his words:—

But when the student not only brings his message, but lards it with follies and insolencies of his own, the public retort is simple:—"The message you bring is a lie." "Brutes! idiots!" perhaps screams the Student, "do ye dare to despise eternal truth?" And the public, justly exasperated, lynches the fellow, crying, "Eternal truth is all very fine, but we are now convinced of the contemporary truth, that you are a humbug and a ranter."

"Humbug" and "ranter" are hard names for a man to call himself, even prophetically; but as the words are Mr. Buchanan's own, we have no choice about accepting them. Yet of ourselves we should have had no difficulty in finding out that Mr. Buchanan is, if not "a humbug and a ranter," at least very positive, very vain, and very fond of airing his ignorance. What his opinion of Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Lowe is, we have already said. He has a place in the universe ready ticketed for everybody. Scott is at once pronounced "the greatest novelist that ever lived," and the claims of Cervantes, Defoe, Fielding, Balzac, George Sand, George Eliot are quietly put away unheard. Thackeray is a "much smaller writer and inferior artist; he worked in his own sickening and peculiar fashion." Fancy the author of the *Legends of Inverburn* passing a sentence of this sort on the author of *Vanity Fair*! Shakspeare he very rightly pronounces "occasionally gross"; yet "Jonson, an inferior writer, though a straightforward and splendid nature, is singularly pure." We ask Mr. Buchanan has he ever read *Every Man in his Humour*, or *The Devil is an Ass*? But it is where he touches subjects that he calls academic that Mr. Buchanan appears to the best advantage. He has no language severe enough for the "vulgarity of schoolmen," and for "all the tribe of people who remain at school all their lives." Some eminent persons, of one of whom even Mr. Buchanan speaks with respect—we mean Mr. Mill—have been known to hold that with men who are worth anything education is a lifelong matter; in other words, that the best men are those who "remain at school all their lives." If Mr. Buchanan had remained at school a little longer he might at least have learnt not hopelessly to mistranslate Horace; he might even have learnt to understand the Greek spirit, and its bearing on the modern world. He would not have translated "domus exilis Platonis" a *Plutonian house of exiles*; nor would he hopelessly muddle the mythologies. A man who shows his thorough misapprehension of even the outlines of classical culture has small right to be heard as an authority when he "indicates how exotic teachers have emasculated the youth and the flower of our schools and Universities." "We have nothing in common," he says, "with the Athenian civilization. . . . Our natures have a glow of emotion quite unknown to the frigid spirit of Athenian inquiry." Nothing in common with Athenian civilization!—the audacious fallacy is scarcely worth refuting. We should like to know where our ideas of art would be if we had not the perfect criterion of the Greek *Heiterkeit und Allgemeinheit* to judge them by? We should like to know what the loss to the language of daily life would be if we could blot out of history the existence and the influence of Socrates. The fact is that, in these axioms that he lays down (and those we have quoted are but specimens of them), Mr. Buchanan only shows the lamentable imperfections of his knowledge. Let him, before he calls Ben Jonson pure, study the Elizabethan dramatists a little more closely; let him read Agathon's speech in the *Symposium* before he ventures to declaim about the frigid spirit of Athenian inquiry.

#### ALGIERS AND TUNIS.\*

*UNDER the Palms* is not an easy book to review, for it suggests little matter for criticism, though it contains a good deal of interesting reading. The author informs us in the preface that it is his first work, and that he did not commit it to the press without "considering the consequences," and thinking of the critics; but he justly concluded that "a plain story plainly told" about a country virtually unknown to Englishmen would not be without its uses, and would not entail upon him any greater amount of condemnation than he was able to bear. We think he has judged rightly both of the nature of the work and the grounds for publishing it. There are abundant traces of an unpractised hand, in the absence of any systematic arrangement, the constant ten-

\* *Under the Palms in Algeria and Tunis.* By the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1868.

dency to indulge in commonplace quotations and still more commonplace reflections, and the general style of composition, which looks as if the author had emptied into his book the contents of his journal, and then added some chapters of statistics to give it more solidity. At the same time the book is not disgraced by the pretentious conceit which is the besetting sin of that host of annual excursionists who obtrude their journals on the public for no better reason, apparently, than that they have an itch for seeing themselves in print. And Mr. Wingfield, unlike the great majority of British tourists, really has something to tell us that we did not know before, and are glad to have an opportunity of hearing, about a country "undelved," as he reminds us, "by the indefatigable Mr. Murray." It is fair to add that he has used his eyes and ears to good purpose, and has honestly laid himself out to become acquainted with the circumstances, manners, and grievances of the people among whom he sojourned. He has also taken pains to collect accurate statistics about them, though he has given us rather too much of minute detail, without sufficient care in the arrangement of his information. In comparing Algeria and Tunis he was able to contrast the condition of a country which has for several years been a French colony—rising, as he believes, slowly but surely from the mire of barbarism under European and Christian influences—with the tottering fabric of Mahometan government and civilization, if such it can be called, in a neighbouring State. We agree with him that the companion pictures speak significantly enough for themselves, and go far to justify a doubt whether a people under the rule of the Koran can permanently vindicate its place in the scale of nations. There is a further contrast strongly insisted upon by Mr. Wingfield between the rival races of Algeria, the Arabs and Kabyles; and the first part of his work is chiefly devoted to illustrating their distinctions of character, very much to the advantage of the latter.

Algeria is two hundred and fifty French leagues in length, and occupies a superficies of a hundred and fifty million acres, being divided into three provinces—Algiers in the centre, Constantine on the east, and Oran on the west. There is, further, a natural division into the *Tell*—from an Arab word signifying hill—which is the cultivated portion and granary of Algeria; the *Steppes*, consisting of vast plains, admirably adapted for pasturage; and the sandy wastes of the great Sahara, with its little *oases* or patches of green. This last "zone" of the country suggests to our author the characteristic speculation for what purpose its "hundreds of thousands of human atoms" have been created, "ignorant, savage, and brutal, of little use to mankind in general, and not much credit to their Maker"! The population of Algeria is about three millions, of whom 250,000 are colonists; but as we are elsewhere told there are 150,000 Catholics, 5,000 Protestants, 30,000 Jews, and 2,000,000 Musselmans, there seems to be some inaccuracy here, for some 65,000 colonists and over half a million natives are left unaccounted for. Algeria was, in 1838, erected into a bishopric, and there are now three bishops and an archbishop. The native population is divided between about 500,000 Arabs and a residue of Arab-Kabyles, including half-bred Arabs, Turks, and Israelites, as well as Moors. The Arabs proper are of Arabian origin, having come into the country, to which they are not fixed by any real tie of nationality, in the ninth century. The Kabyles are the indigenous natives of the soil, and present, according to our author, a far higher and nobler type of character than their barbarous invaders. They are traders and "arboriculturists"—a term coined apparently for their special benefit—and, unlike the Arab nomads, prefer to remain stationary in towns and villages. The nucleus of the Kabyle people inhabit the mountain fastnesses of Grande Kabylie. They were the last to yield to French dominion, and still live under a democratic organization of their own, having a general assembly, whose members are elected by a majority of the males capable of bearing arms in every considerable village. They are governed by a written and unwritten law, the former called the *Kanoun*—a name, as is commonly supposed, dating from the Christian period of their history—the latter the *Eurf*. This system of laws our author considers so admirably adapted to the requirements of the people that he suggests their being grafted on the French code. The Mahometanism introduced by their Arab conquerors appears to sit very lightly on the Kabyles; slavery they have ever held in abhorrence, and most of their traditions may be traced from the Roman and Christian civilization of an earlier age. In sharp contrast with the Kabyle is the Arab system of government under sheikhs, or heads of families, and kaid, or heads of tribes. The Arabs are, as a rule, superstitious, treacherous, and cruel. We should have said that the Kabyles seldom have more than one wife, who holds almost the same position of honour as in Christian countries, whereas the Arabs, in this as other respects, follow the teaching of the Koran. It was the Kabyles who supplied the soldiers of Hannibal's Carthaginian army, and who, under the name of Turkos, fought so bravely in the Crimean war. In the regeneration or gradual extinction of the Arabs proper through contact with the Kabyles—for which a scheme has been set on foot by the French—Mr. Wingfield sees the best hope for the future of the country. The present Bishop of Algiers has publicly stated that "the Kabyles of the Djerjura offer the happiest disposition for a complete return to Christianity," but it is not French policy to proselytize, and whatever conversions take place are purely spontaneous.

The radical vice of the present system of French administration in Algiers consists in the union of political and military power in the same hands, and the only adequate remedy for the political evils the country groans under lies in a complete severance of the

two. Since 1830 every Governor has been a General or Marshal of France, and at the same time Commander-in-Chief of the army. The colonists complain that they have no protection against the partial injustice of the "Bureaux Arabes," whose sole object is to uphold the rights of the natives against their own. It is through these bureaux, or little knots of three or four French officers, that the Government is practically carried on; and thus the whole superintendence of religion, courts of justice, and taxation devolves on young captains and lieutenants who have had none but a military education. The subjects of the Papal Government would have no cause to envy the Algerians who are placed under so anomalous an administration. The present Emperor of the French has expressed himself anxious to reform it. Indeed his Government can only attract colonists to Algeria by the offer of a high premium; and whereas 500,000 Europeans annually emigrate to America, only 300,000 have been induced during thirty-seven years, by proclamations, and almost by coercion, to settle in Algiers. But Mr. Wingfield hardly seems to perceive that, in its close system of centralized Government under a sort of military despotism, the administration of the colony is but a reduced copy of the system pursued in France.

The following is part of a description of the Arab quarter of Constantine, occupying two-thirds of a town of 40,000 inhabitants:—

The shops, or rather booths, are unlike those of Algiers, being even more primitive here than in the capital. The inmates are raised a little above the level of the street, and have barely room to turn, some of them, as they stretch away cross-legged, spectacles on nose, in stockinged feet—their shoes placed on the narrow causeway just outside the precincts of their stalls. Their goods are packed away neatly on shelves around the walls, and in a few cases an assistant is perched on a larger species of shelf above the head of his master—economy of space indeed! While you are looking over his wares, and bargaining for a piece of stuff, the voice of the muezzin is suddenly heard, and straightway the shopman becomes unaware of your existence, bowing and muttering, and rubbing his forehead on the ground in the course of his midday devotions. In a few moments he returns gravely to the everyday world, and if you are still there, takes up the conversation at the point where it was broken off. They have a very unwieldy method of closing their shops—heavy wooden shutters, folding together, and clamped with monstrous padlocks; the whole of which edifice is taken down during business hours, and being piled up, forms a sort of shelf or counter between the seller and his customer.

In the market-place a busy scene was being enacted one day. Crowds of the white-robed, screaming and gesticulating, as is necessary, seemingly, to all their undertakings. I forced my way through the throng to the stalls of the jewellers, and spent some time in examining the goldsmiths' work. These "stalls" consist of nothing more than portable glass cases, which lie in the mud, presided over generally by a withered negress. In these cases are rows of quaint earrings, worked roughly in gold and uncut stones, necklaces and hair-pins of the same costly material. At the first sniff of a buyer, sundry men make their appearance, and sell him whatever he may fancy according to weight, regardless of workmanship, which, by the way, is never very elaborate. There is little use attempting to bargain with these gentlemen, as they only point to their scales and shrug their shoulders. The silver-workers, who are separate from the goldsmiths, and make a more brilliant show, display huge anklets and brooches and interminable chains, very bright and gay to look at, though, I believe, considerably adulterated with baser metal. The gold, on the contrary, is very pure and pliable, and of good colour. All workers in the precious metals are obliged to surrender their goods for Government inspection, which ensures the purchaser a genuine article. Very picturesque they looked, these groups of buyers and sellers, and that brilliant merchandise, in the broad sunlight. The principal booths were on the steps of the Grand Mosque, and reminded me, in the babel of voices and variety of goods, of the day when Christ drove men such as they out of the Temple long ago. There were Arabs pushing through the crowd, hawking bournouses; the real "Djerid," from the neighbourhood of Tunis, the finest of woollen manufacture, only forty francs—a plausible-looking article enough, but sure to have somewhere a latent blemish artfully hidden by its perfidious owner; cake merchants, tray on head, shouting with stentorian voices—a denigrating hubbub; a man with coins and uncut stones, emeralds, and strings of pearls, gold anklets, pins and brooches. Further on, a shop, high up a multitude of steps; some wonderful embroidered jackets of red velvet and gold, magnificent bournouses and gaily-patterned coverings; the owner of all this grandeur apathetic, with a cigarette, half concealed under the draperies exposed for sale.

If the French administration of Algiers is far from satisfactory, the government of Tunis, which is independent, is a great deal worse. Under the Roman Empire the country was divided into four provinces, but there are at present only two recognised divisions—those of summer and winter—so called from the annual progresses of the Bey, who visits them at those seasons, with an escort of cavalry, to collect the taxes in person. The summer province is the most thickly inhabited, and the two together maintain a population of over three millions, consisting of Moors, Turks, Arabs, Jews, and negroes. The Bey is an autocrat, and usually a selfish and venal one. The chief tax is derived from a tithe on the crops, and commissioners are sent round to value them—a duty they discharge according to the amount of the bribe they receive from the farmer. The moral code of Tunis, Mr. Wingfield tells us, resolves itself into the single virtue of not being found out. Death is the penalty for very slight offences, and there is a public execution of five or six criminals every Saturday in the Grand Square. Robbers are punished by cutting off their right hand at the wrist. But even in the case of murder the Bey takes no cognisance of the crime till the relations prosecute, and if the murderer is wealthy, he always gets off by paying a large fine into the Royal treasury. In theory, the Bey is a feudatory of the Sultan, to whom he sends a valuable present every three years, and from whom, in return, he receives an annual firman confirming his nomination, and a kaftan or robe of office. But the Sublime Porte has no real authority in Tunis. One anecdote we must find room for, illustrative of the rough and ready justice administered by His

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Highness in his happier moods, which reminds us of a somewhat similar decision of Sancho Panza in his capacity of ruler of an island:—

A certain Moor lost his purse one day, containing sundry gold pieces or sequins. Desirous of recovering it, he proclaimed his mishap by means of the good offices of the town-crier. The person who had found it was an upright man, conspicuous for his probity, and the moment he discovered to whom it belonged, he made haste to restore it to its rightful owner; but the latter, finding that he had to do with a rich man, thought it a good opportunity for a little illicit gain at the expense of him who had so conscientiously restored it. He therefore maintained that there were eighty sequins missing out of the purse in question, and violently insisted on their restitution. The quarrel became uproarious, and of course was referred to the decision of the Bey.

One man declared that the purse originally contained a hundred sequins, whilst his adversary affirmed with many oaths that he had given it back just as he found it.

As both assertions bore the same aspect of probability, the Bey was for a moment embarrassed as to his decision. He asked, however, to see the purse, and having examined it attentively, withdrew from it the money it contained, ordering, at the same time, that another hundred sequins be brought from his own treasury. He tried to put them into the purse, which, however, would only contain about fifty; then emptying it afresh, he invited the prosecutor to try his hand at it, and fill it with the hundred sequins which he had sworn it originally to enclose. Of course he was unable to do so; and the Bey, handing the purse and the sequins to the defendant, said:—"You had better take possession of it, as it does not answer the description given of it." The false accuser received two hundred blows from the bastinado.

The Bey is practically his own Minister, the only duty of the "Keeper of the Seal" being to stamp the documents emanating from his master. He has absolute control over the lives and fortunes of his subjects. Bad as this system is in every way, the people seem to like it. In 1861, under pressure from the European Consuls, the Bey granted a constitution; but the people insisted on his revoking it, from their jealousy of European institutions. The chief exports of Tunis are corn, oil, olives, and attar of roses, which latter is manufactured in large quantities throughout the Regency, and is held superior to that of Constantinople. The *tarbouches*, or red caps with blue tassels worn everywhere in the Levant, are also exported annually to the number of 120,000; and 3,000 bales of wool. For more minute descriptions of the country and its denizens, as also of the great Sahara desert, we must refer our readers to the book itself, which will quite repay perusal. Mr. Wingfield's narrative of his personal adventures is entertaining and often instructive, but it would only be spoilt by abridgment. Those who are interested in the country, and desirous of studying French schemes of colonization, owe him a debt of gratitude for this careful record of experiences out of the beaten track of English travellers.

#### ROBERT FALCONER.\*

WHILE Richardson was engaged upon *Clarissa Harlowe* he used frequently to receive letters from his lady readers beseeching him to make Lovelace end by repenting, so as to "save his soul." As a general rule it may be held that novelists do not trouble themselves much about the souls of their literary progeny. It is enough for them to chronicle the worldly fortunes of the children of their imagination, without endeavouring to fathom the secrets of their inner life, or to gain an insight into their religious experiences. But such a writer of fiction as Mr. George MacDonald works in a very different spirit. To him the outer world in which the persons of his drama move is of little importance compared with that invisible universe with which they are brought into spiritual contact. The result of their attempts to gain those things for which men generally long is of small interest in his eyes compared with that of their strivings after a higher state of existence than that of the common herd, their struggles to free the nobler part of their nature from the debasing influence of its grosser elements. In his present story he briefly tells how its hero obtained money and position, but lovingly dwells on the description of his spiritual growth, on the moulding of his character in early life, and the gradual development of his religious opinions. It would almost seem, from the earnestness with which he speaks, as if he were rather narrating the actual experiences of a real friend than following the imaginary career of a fictitious personage, with such intensity of feeling does he yearn over him, so warmly does he sympathize with him throughout his chequered career. It may be, indeed, that imagination has had less than memory to do with the conception of Robert Falconer's character, so that Mr. MacDonald has, to some extent, chronicled rather than composed. If this be so, it is easy to account for the air of reality with which some parts of the story are invested.

The first volume of the book is admirable. The description of the little Scotch town in which Robert Falconer passes his boyhood, and the sketches of his various acquaintances, are as good as those contained in the early part of *Alec Forbes*, and to say that is to bestow on them very high praise. The account of Robert's boyish years is in Mr. MacDonald's best style, and he is inimitable in his dealings with children. The portraits of that stern Calvinist, Robert's grandmother, and the musical but drunken cobbler, Dooble Sunny, are also truly excellent. Old Mrs. Falconer has been made the subject of a very careful study, and the result is a picture the truth of which will be recognised

by all who have ever been exposed to the depressing influence of such a character as hers. Clinging fast to a worse than cheerless creed, she does her utmost to overshadow her grandson's brighter views with its gloom. She belongs to that joyless sect in whose eyes it is a mortal sin even to smile on a Sunday. She would doubtless have agreed with those legislators who passed an Act to prohibit "the profane sport of walking upon the Sabbath." Even upon "lawful" days she is little inclined to mirth:—

How could she smile? Did not the world lie under the wrath and curse of God? Was not her own son in hell for ever? Had not the blood of the Son of God been shed for him in vain? Had not God meant that it should be in vain? For by the gift of his Spirit could he not have enabled him to accept the offered pardon? And, for anything she knew, was not Robert going after him to the place of misery? How could she smile?

And so she intercepts as much as possible of the sunlight which seems likely to fall upon her grandson's path, loving him dearly all the while after her own harsh manner. A natural musician, he delights in secretly playing on a violin which had belonged to his father. One day when he returns home he finds his beloved instrument blazing on the hearth, while beside it sits his grandmother, "stern as a Druidess, feeding her eyes with grim satisfaction on the detestable sacrifice." His next-door neighbour gives him lessons on the piano. His grandmother cuts off the means of communication between the two houses. He borrows a copy of the *Lady of the Lake*, and she consigns it, as soon as she discovers it, to the darkness of a prison-house between the wall and the wainscot of her parlour. She seldom allows herself any outward manifestation of her affection for her grandson, though in private she is never weary of praying for him, as well as "for Jews and pagans, and especially for the 'Pop o' Rom,'" in whose welfare she takes the kindest interest, "always praying God to give him a good wife." Of these prayers of hers several remarkable specimens are given, one of which is especially noteworthy, being that which Robert overhears one night when he has stolen into her room in the dark on a foraging errand.

Robert is a boy of an original turn of mind, as is evinced by the singular ideas with which he from time to time shocks his grandmother, such as his ingenious plan for emptying hell, his problem as to the possible forgiveness of a penitent devil, and his heretical opinion that the Almighty, as represented by Milton, is a "pompous" being. But at first he cannot avoid being greatly influenced by his grandmother's form of belief. For some time he figures to himself God leaning over the world, "a dark care, an immovable fate, bearing down with the weight of his presence all aspiration, all budding delights of children and young persons; all must crouch before him, and uphold his glory with the sacrificial death of every impulse, every admiration, every lightness of heart, every bubble of laughter." His imagination busies itself with the terrible fate of those who are not elected. He makes frantic efforts to believe that he believes. He keeps his Sabbaths rigorously, never giving a thought to secular matters, nor allowing himself a single pleasure from Saturday night till Monday morning, "all the time feeling that God was ready to pounce upon him if he failed once." But this state of mind does not last long. Various influences combine to aid him to surmount the obstacles by which his path is beset. One of the finest passages in the story describes the effect which the beauty of the visible world produces upon him, the longing after the glory of the unseen world which it creates within his heart. Such an effect can be but very rarely produced upon a boy, but Robert Falconer's is altogether an exceptional case. Then there are his two friends—Eric Ericson, a sort of Scotch Shelley, an enthusiast in whom the poetic element is not sufficiently blended with the grosser materials which enable a man to keep his footing steady upon the earth; and Mary St. John, one of those few women who are really as angelic as so many seem to be. In her perfection we may perhaps be content to acquiesce, but we are altogether disinclined to take part in Robert's worship of Ericson, beautiful as are the utterances of that religious sceptic both in prose and in verse.

The second volume of the story is chiefly devoted to the description of Robert's relations with these two friends; the third deals with his life in later days, after Ericson's death. The phases of faith through which he passes before he settles down into a fixed and unalterable belief are very skilfully analysed, and there is much that is striking and attractive in the picture that is drawn of him towards the end of the book, when he has become a sort of visible Providence for the poor among whom he spends the greater part of his time. But it lacks the air of reality which marks the earlier scenes of the story. There is something almost melodramatic about the Robert Falconer who is equally ready and able to knock down a policeman or a garrotter if he finds either of them abusing his privileges. But there is also much that is noble in this sketch of a man who is always going about doing good, and who conscientiously practises what he professes, never shrinking from the sacrifices which are involved in the carrying out of the precepts to which his notions of duty give utterance. Very touching also is the description of the search after his long-lost father, which he never relinquishes until he finds that elderly prodigal and takes him home, and wins him back from a career of dissipation to a well-ordered and creditable life. But the whole tone of the narrative seems pitched too high for every-day discourse. The voice of the speaker who tells the tale appears at times to quaver with a passionate eagerness which savours of weakness, and the language he uses is often more suggestive of spasmodic effort than of steady and disciplined strength. As for

\* Robert Falconer. By George MacDonald, LL.D., Author of "*Alec Forbes of Howglen*," "*David Elginbrod*," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett, 1868.

the idea of the society for doing good which Robert Falconer founds, it is beautiful, but it seems to be impracticable. It is difficult to believe in the sustained existence of "an undefined company of people, who have grown into human relations with each other naturally, through one attractive force—love for human beings, regarding them as human beings only in virtue of the divine in them," and who give up their whole lives to philanthropic efforts. Of such a society, bound by no fixed rules, confined to no one place, only actuated by one vital principle of love, many a noble mind has dreamed, especially among those who have ardent aspirations and strong sympathies, and who have perhaps found that their lives have been somewhat of a failure. They grow impatient of the selfish and grasping spirit which makes itself only too apparent in the working of most of the recognised charitable bodies, many of which have become, as Robert Falconer says, mere unworked bodies, "left behind to simulate life, and corrupt, and work no end of disease"; they loathe the hatred and malice and all uncharitableness by which the professedly religious societies are so often actuated; and so they turn with longing eyes to some ideal Christian brotherhood in which perfect love towards God and man shall still all passions, and annihilate all mean and base desires. Such a society might be possible if there were many such faultless heroes in the world as Robert Falconer, but it is sufficiently difficult to believe in the existence of even one such as he is represented to be. For he is almost too good for everyday life, too thoroughly unselfish, too free from any form of worldliness. Those who have had much to do with philanthropists, and who know by experience how crotchety and opinionated they are apt to be, will be slow to believe in the ideal brother of charity whom Mr. MacDonald has depicted. But few can fail to recognise the beauty of the picture, although they may not think it entirely true to life, and many will feel personally grateful to an author who thus embodies for them those abstract ideas of self-sacrifice and benevolence which generally take no more substantial form than that of a figure of speech.

The main weakness of the story, considered as a work of art, arises from the feebleness of all its female characters who are not old women. Old Mrs. Falconer is full of life and vigour, but Mary St. John and Mysie Lindsay seem wanting in vitality and animation. There is a sort of moonlight air about both of them. It seems very natural that Robert should have taken Miss St. John for an angelic visitant the first time he saw her, for she appears to have little in common with the earth and its more material inhabitants. Miss Lindsay, with her highly-strung nervous organization, and her habit of "gazing before her with look distraught, with wide eyes and scarce-moving eyelids, beholding something neither on sea nor shore," will perhaps remind those who have read *Alec Forbes* of Kate Fraser, especially as she, like that impulsive young lady, becomes fascinated and led astray by a heartless aristocrat. But we have dwelt sufficiently on the shortcomings of the story. It is a pleasant task to recur to its many merits. It abounds in exquisite specimens of the word-painting in which Mr. MacDonald excels, charming transcripts of nature, full of light and air and colour. It is rich also in poetry of a very high order, equally admirable whether its expression takes the form of verse or of melodious prose. There is no lack of humour in it, as may be seen by a glance at any of the scenes in which the drunken old shoemaker figures, and its pathos is of the most pure and legitimate kind. It would indeed be difficult to improve the scene in which Robert lights upon his mother's portrait, or that in which Mrs. Falconer's long-lost son comes to see her on her deathbed. And, besides these its artistic merits, the story has this great charm, that it has been conceived and carried out in a thoroughly earnest and kindly spirit, and that it can scarcely fail to exercise an ennobling and purifying influence on the reader.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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WINTER SESSION, 1868-9.—The INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be given by Mr. THOMAS SMITH, on Thursday, October 1, at 2 P.M. Students reside within the Hospital walls, subject to the College Regulations. All information respecting both the Hospital and College may be obtained on application, either personally or by letter, to the Resident Warden, Mr. MURRAY BAKER, and at the Museum or Library.

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